THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JANUARY, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Twenty Years of Fiction

AS THIS issue of the magazine happens to complete the twentieth year of THE BOOKMAN'S existence we are making it an occasion to survey the fiction of the past two decades, without any very definite idea that this survey will lead anywhere in particular, or will throw any startling light on the literary tastes or developments of the American people. But that this survey will prove of interest, even if only of superficial interest, we cannot doubt. For there has never been a twenty years of such activity of production, of such radical changes, of such going far afield in search of new backgrounds and materials. Nor has there been a twenty years when the fiction of the second rank (let us emphasise the fact that we are speaking of the second rank) has been so uniformly good. Neither of the two decades under discussion has produced masterpieces of the kind that were given to the world in such generous profusion in the decades 1840-50, a period which saw the publication of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis,* Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit, Barnaby Rudge,* and *Dombey and Son,* Bulwer's *The Caxtons,* Balzac's *La Cousine Bette, Cousin Pons,* and *Père Goriot,* Dumas's *Count of Monte Cristo, The Three Musketeers* and *Twenty Years After,* and Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew.* But on the other hand, fiction of the second rank in the last twenty years has been conspicuously free of much of the maudlin sentimentality, of the dreary long-windedness, of the absurdity of characterisation, of the slovenliness of style that marred so much of the fiction of the second rank of the mid-Victorian period.

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Although many subsequent novels have been more successful in the point of sales, no work of fiction of the past quarter of a century has so stirred the imagination as George du Maurier's *Trilby.* It had run its serial course the year before THE BOOKMAN was started, the excitement aroused by the identification of Joe Sibley with Whistler had died down, but the early issues of the magazine are full of echoes of the book's extraordinary popularity. America had been quicker in recognition than England, and while, during 1895, the lists compiled in various cities of this country treated the story of the tall English *grisette* and the Musketeers of the Brush as a novel of yesterday, reports from British sources were acclaiming it as a new book. "*Trilby, Trilby, Trilby,* is the cry from all parts of the Kingdom," said a London letter dealing with conditions from July 22d to August 17, 1895. "The sale of this work is without a precedent in the history of the one volume edition of a popular novel. Every copy of the edition de luxe of the work was sold before publication." Close behind *Trilby* in England, and often ahead of it in this country, were

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DR. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN), WHOSE COLLECTION OF STORIES OF THE KAILYARD, "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH," WAS THE MOST WIDELY READ WORK OF FICTION IN 1895

certain books with pronounced successes that we recall with a feeling of envy. There was nothing very much the matter with the popular taste in 1895. For those liking one kind of reading there was Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda,* for others Mrs. Humphry Ward's *The Story of Bessie Cottrell,* or Frank Stockton's *The Adventures of Captain Horn,* or Hall Caine's *The Manxman* (wherever we place Caine now, the author of *The Deemster, The Bondman* and *The Manxman* was a man to be regarded with a certain amount of literary deference), or Zangwill's *The Master,* or Maarten Maartens's *My Lady Nobody,* or Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.* It is not an easy task to select any one book from such a list. But eliminating all personal preferences, and deciding entirely in accordance with the evidence of the lists, Dr. Watson's stories of Drumtochty stand out conspicuously. 1894 was a Paris Latin Quarter year. 1895 was a Kailyard year. *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* must be accepted as the novel of 1895.

While no one book in 1896 stood out to the exclusion of others, we might, without exaggeration, picture America as a background superseding Paris and Scotland, for four of the most conspicuous novels of the year were Gilbert Parker's *The Seats of the Mighty,* Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett,* and James Lane Allen's *Summer in Arcady.* Other American books that showed frequently in the lists during 1896 were F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan,* Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage,* Paul L. Ford's *The Honourable Peter Stirling,* and R. H. Davis's *Cinderella.* Of the books from transatlantic writers, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda* were still holding their own, while Mrs. Ward's *Sir George Tressady,* Dr. Watson's *Kate Carnegie,* Anthony Hope's *The Heart of Princess Osra,* and Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* were conspicuous among the new comers. Unquestionably the book of 1897 was Sienkie-

EDWARD WESTCOTT, THE AUTHOR OF "DAVID HARUM." MR. WESTCOTT DID NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF HIS NOVEL

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wicz's *Quo Vadis*. By a certain margin it seems to have been the book that sold the best, and by a wide margin it was the novel most discussed. Not that there were not other contenders. For example, Mr. Allen's *The Choir Invisible* was close behind it on the basis of lists and points, and Mr. Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* was not so far away. Other books of the year from semi-standard authors were Hall Caine's *The Christian*, Flora Annie Steel's *On the Face of the Waters*, Weir Mitchell's *Hugh Wynne*, and H. S. Merriman's *In Keedar's Tents*.

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Through the early months of 1898 *Quo Vadis* and *Hugh Wynne* were the undisputed leaders, but with the coming of the summer they gave way to F. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West*, Kate Douglas Wiggins's *Penelope's Progress*, and Egerton Castle's *The Pride of Jennico*. Then came Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, to carry on the adventures of Rudolf Rassendyl and Queen Flavia, and Mrs. Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. These books held the lead for two or three months to be displaced by Rudyard Kipling's *The Day's Work*, which, without injustice to others, can be accepted as the year's most successful work of fiction. With 1899 came a new era in the history of American book selling. That was the first year of enormous sales. To indicate the conditions of the time it is necessary only to recall that that was the year of *David Harum*. Astonishing as was the success of Mr. Westcott's posthumous novel, its material prosperity was almost, and perhaps quite equalled by that of Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, and Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, while, in the later months of the year, Paul L. Ford's *Janice Meredith* came to take its place with the other three. At one time we had four novels any one of which would have been the unchallenged leader in an ordinary year.

THIS PICTURE OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WAS TAKEN ABOUT THE TIME THAT HE WAS WRITING "RICHARD CARVEL." THE STORY OF THE SUBSEQUENT FIFTEEN YEARS HAS BEEN ONE OF UNINTERRUPTED SUCCESS, MR. CHURCHILL'S LATEST NOVEL, "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP," LEADING ALL OTHERS IN BOTH 1913 AND 1914

CHARLES MAJOR, WHOSE NOVEL OF TUDOR ENGLAND, "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER," WAS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING SUCCESSES OF THE FAT YEARS OF FICTION

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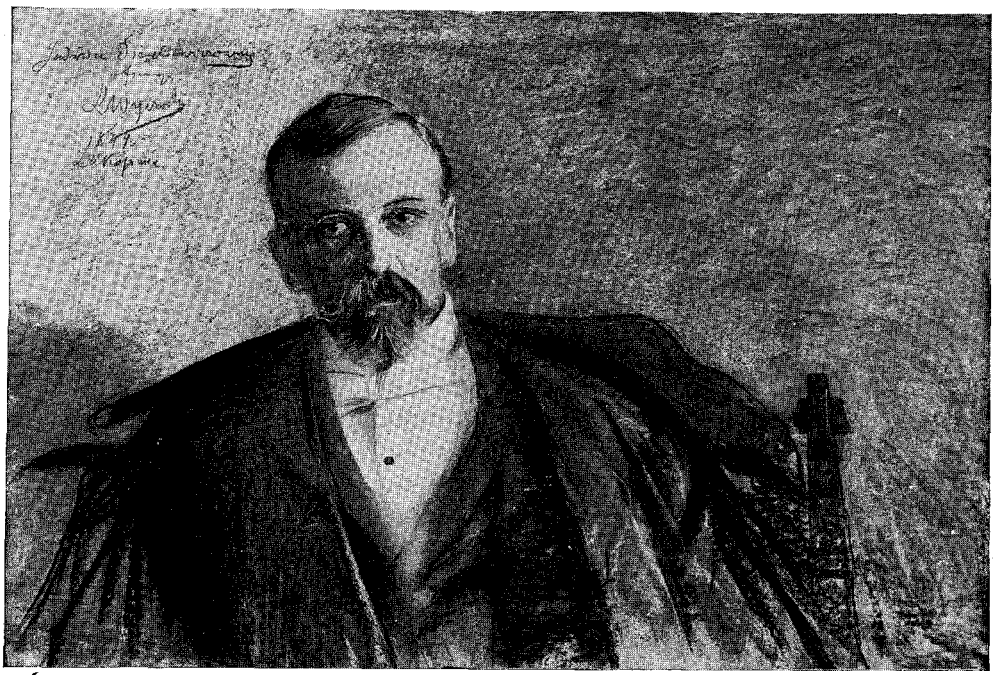

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, WHOSE NOVEL "QUO VADIS" WAS THE LEADER FOR 1899. THIS PORTRAIT IS FROM A PASTEL MADE IN 1899 BY LEON WYCHULKOWSKI

In 1900, for the first time in the six years of THE BOOKMAN'S existence, a woman took the lead among the year's successful novelists. Miss Mary Johnston's *To Have and To Hold* appearing in twelve of the lists, and leading in five. *Janice Meredith, Richard Carvel* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* were again conspicuous, especially during the early months, while prominent among the newcomers were Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage,* Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread,* Charles F. Goss's *The Redemption of David Corson,* and Mr. Allen's *The Reign of Law.* During 1901 three books were marked contenders. These were Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes,* Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden* and Winston Churchill's *The Crisis.* It was the keen rivalry between the first mentioned two that led THE BOOKMAN to the adoption of the point system in order that no charge of favouritism might be possible. By this point system Mr. Thompson's story must be ranked as the most popular book of the year, although the margin is of the slightest. Other works of fiction that figure conspicuously in the lists are Elinor Glyn's *The Visits of Elizabeth,* Bertha Runkle's *The Helmet of Navarre.* Harold MacGrath's *The Puppet Crown,* Mr. Hewlett's *Richard Yea and Nay,* Mr. McCutcheon's *Graustark,* and Mrs. Ward's *Eleanor.*

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In both of the two following years books by women held first place. In 1902 the book was Alice Hegan's *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* although its lead over Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way* was a matter of only two points, and there were grounds for the belief that the Canadian novel had the larger sale of the two. Other books of 1902 which stood out were Mr. Wister's *The Virginian,* Mr. Major's *Dorothy Vernon,* Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi*

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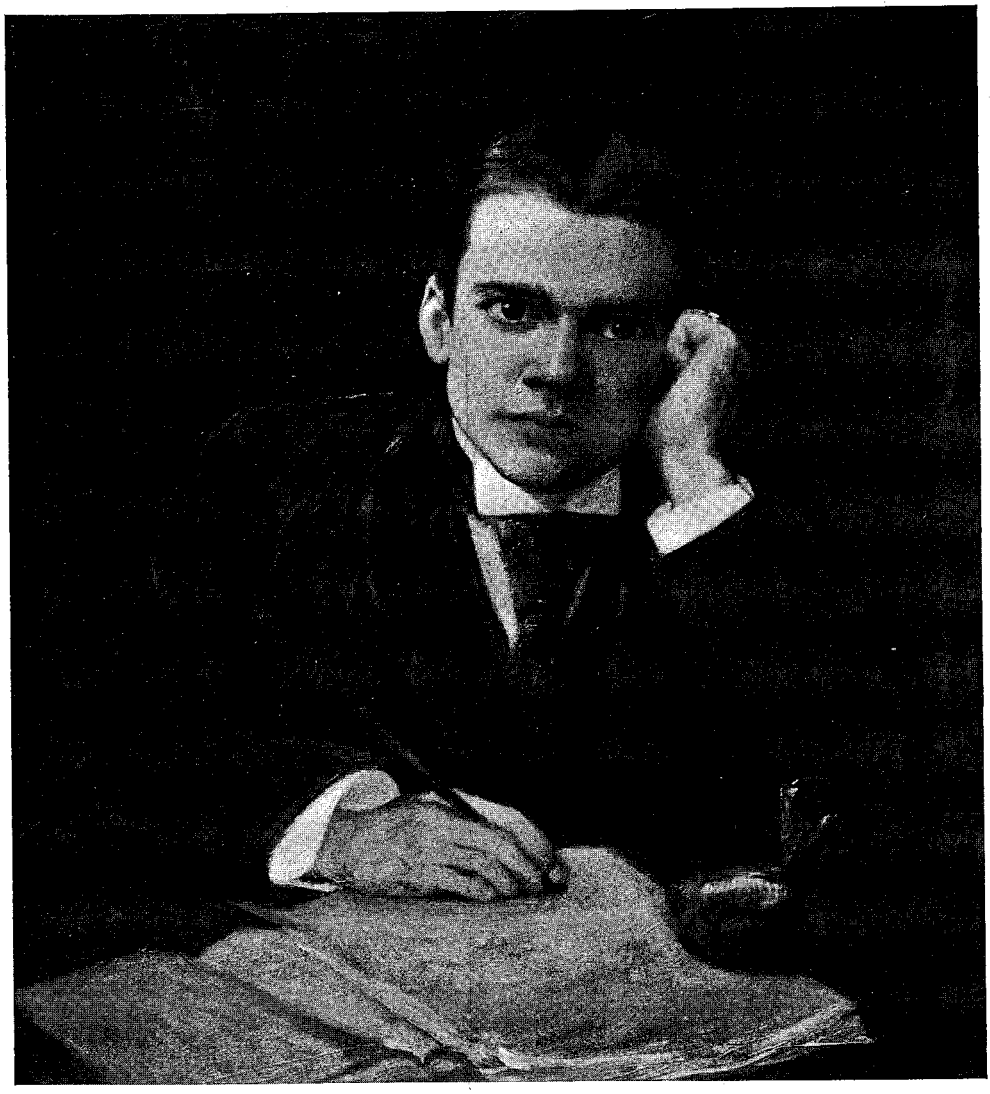
Bubble, and Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles.* Again in 1903 the margin of leadership was a narrow one. Grouped behind Mrs. Ward's *Lady Rose's Daughter* were *The Virginian, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* Thomas Nelson Page's *Gordon Keith,* Frank Norris's *The Pit,* and Mr. Allen's *The Mettle of the Pasture,* while in the closing months of the year John Fox's *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* showed decided promise. That promise was speedily justified, for Mr. Fox's book led the list during the first three months of 1904, and was a contender until July. It was mentioned oftener than Mr. Churchill's *The Crossing,* but in the total number of points was surpassed by the other book. If the first two places of the year were held by men, the next four went to women by virtue of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Re-*



PAUL LEICESTER FORD. A LEADER AMONG THE "BEST SELLERS" OF FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

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MARY JOHNSTON, WHOSE NOVEL OF VIRGINIAN COLONIAL LIFE, "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," PLACED A WOMAN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE HEAD OF THE YEAR'S SUCCESSFUL NOVELISTS. THAT WAS IN 1900

becca, Miss Glasgow's *The Deliverance,* Miss Johnston's *Sir Mortimer,* and Miss Michaelson's *In the Bishop's Carriage.* Seventh and eighth places in 1904 were held by Stewart Edward White's *The Silent Places,* and Henry Harland's *My Friend Prospero.*

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After 1904 there were four successive years of feminine domination, the leaders

ELLEN GLASGOW, ALWAYS NEAR THE TOP AMONG THE BEST SELLING NOVELISTS

for 1905, 1906, 1907 and 1908 being respectively Katharine Cecil Thurston's *The Masquerader,* Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth,* Frances Little's *The Lady of the Decoration,* and Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle.* In 1905 *The Masquerader* assumed the leadership only after the closest of struggles with Mrs. Rice's *Sandy,* and both of these books were at times threatened by Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Al-*

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. WHENEVER A NEW BOOK BY MRS. RIGGS APPEARS, A "BEST SELLER" APPEARS

lah, and *The Princess Passes,* by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. Other novels among the leaders were Mrs. Ward's *The Marriage of William Ashe,* Mr. McCutcheon's *Beverley of Graustark,* Mr. Dixon's *The Clansman,* and Dr. Mitchell's *Constance Trescott.* Close behind *The House of Mirth* in 1906 was Mr. Churchill's *Coniston,* and these books were followed by Mrs. Wister's *Lady Baltimore,* Mr. Tarkington's *The*

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Conquest of Canaan, Mr. Nicholson's *The House of a Thousand Candles* and Mr. Sinclair's *The Jungle.* In seven consecutive lists in 1907 *The Lady of the Decoration* was to be found, and it was not until the following May that it failed to hold some position or other among the first six. In 1907 it had an aggregate of about eleven hundred points, and at that was not far ahead of Mr. Nicholson's *The Port of Missing Men.* Other prominent books of the year were Mr. Vance's *The Brass Bowl,* Mr. MacGrath's *Half a Rogue,* and Ralph Connor's *The Doctor.*

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The Shuttle, Mrs. Burnett's story of international marriage, was the leader in the lists for 1908, but Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers* was a contender that could not be shaken off, and once again the margin of leadership was of the narrowest. In third place, and close behind the other two, was Mr. Churchill's *Mr. Crewe's Career.* Other conspicuous books were *The Lady of the Decoration,*

ALICE HEGAN (LATER MRS. CALE YOUNG RICE), WHOSE "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" WAS THE BOOK OF 1902

EDITH WHARTON, WHOSE NOVEL OF NEW YORK SOCIETY, "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH," WAS THE LEADER FOR 1907

Mr. Beach's *The Barrier,* and Mr. Vance's *The Black Bag.* In 1909 the contenders were John Fox's *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* Eleanor M. Lane's *Katrine,* F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter,* Basil King's *The Inner Shrine,* and Emerson Hough's *54-40 or Fight.* There seems, however, to be no doubt of the supremacy of Mr. Fox's book, and so, for the moment, a man must be judged to have regained the leadership among the popular novelists. But it was only for a moment. In 1910 came Miss Florence Barclay's *The Rosary,* that little tale of mid-Victorian flavour which for a time seemed to sweep all before it. Making its first appearance in the lists in May in the fourth place, it gained continuously in strength and was at the head of the lists for the last three months of the year. Behind it were Mr. Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle,* Basil King's *The Wild Olive,* while the other books of the year were, comparatively speaking, out-distanced. *The Rosary* was again first for the first three months of 1911, second in April, and fourth in May, that month marking its thirteenth consecutive appearance. But in a general

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summing up it must be ranked beneath Vaughan Kester's *The Prodigal Judge,* Mary Johnston's *The Long Roll,* Jeffery Farnol's *The Broad Highway* and Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's *Molly Make-Believe.*

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The convenient point system relieves us of any responsibility in summing up the popular novels of 1912. Mr. Harold Bell Wright's *The Winning of Barbara Worth* found its way to every corner of the country, and so did Basil King's *The Street Called Straight,* but beyond them, by a margin of many hundred points, and with eleven appearances in the lists as against five each for the other two, is Gene Stratton Porter's *The Harvester.* The highest point total reached by any book in a single month in 1912 was that of three hundred and seventy-two, achieved by *The Street Called Straight* in the lists for September. Mr. Meredith Nicholson was well represented during the year by *A Hoosier Chronicle* and Marie Thompson Daviess by *The Melting*

FOR THE PAST TWELVE OR FOURTEEN YEARS MR. MC CUTCHEON HAS BEEN A CONSPICUOUS CONTENDER IN THE LISTS OF "BEST SELLING" FICTION

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of Molly. For some reason that does not appear on the surface the literary feminine domination that had been so much in evidence for eight or ten years previous was conspicuously missing in 1913. Of the four leaders all were by men. First of all there was Mr. Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup,* which, without hesitation, we can characterise as the most successful American novel of the past four or five years, and probably the most successful one of a decade. Then came Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison's *V. V.'s Eyes,* Mr. Fox's *The Heart of the Hills* and Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House.* Recapitulating, and using personal preference as a basis for the selection for the doubtful year of 1895, the novels of the last twenty years of conspicuous popularity have been: 1895, *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush;* 1896, *The Damnation of Theron Ware;* 1897, *Quo*

"BENNETT," COMMENTS MR. FLAGG, "THANKS ME FOR LEAVING HIS TEETH OUT! OR IN, RATHER." FROM JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG'S "THE WELL KNOWNS"

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Vadis; 1898, *The Day's Work;* 1899, *David Harum;* 1900, *To Have and To Hold;* 1901, *Alice of Old Vincennes;* 1902, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;* 1903, *Lady Rose's Daughter;* 1904, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come;* 1905, *The Masquerader;* 1906, *The House of Mirth;* 1907, *The Lady of the Decoration;* 1908, *The Shuttle;* 1909, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine;* 1910, *The Rosary;* 1911, *The Prodigal Judge;* 1912, *The Harvester;* 1913, *The Inside of the Cup;* 1914, *The Inside of the Cup.* Of the twenty representations men claim eleven and women nine. Thirteen and a half of the books (we claim at least a half interest in Mrs. Burnett) were of American authorship.

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Books of 1914

In 1914 for the first time in the history of the years that we have been recording, a novel was destined to repeat as the most successful work of fiction. That novel was Mr. Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup,* which having held first place by a slight margin in the December list, was again the leader in January, when it topped Mrs. Burnett's *T. Tembarom* by twenty-one points. These two books were followed by *Laddie, The Woman Thou Gavest Me, The Dark Flower,* and *The Custom of the Country* in the order named. By February the margin of leadership of *The Inside of the Cup* was almost one hundred points, with *T. Tembarom* again in second place, the latter book being very closely followed by *Laddie.* A newcomer, Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna,* was in fourth place, with the books by Mr. Caine and Mr. Galsworthy fifth and sixth. Again in March Mr. Churchill and Mrs. Burnett were the leaders, the point difference separating the two having been decreased somewhat from the month before, with *Laddie* and *Pollyanna* third and fourth, and *The Dark Flower* and A. M. and C. N. Williamson's *It Happened in Egypt* in a tie for sixth place. *The Inside of the Cup,* 196 points, and *T. Tembarom* 161 points, tells the story of the first two places in the April list. Then came two newcomers, Mr. Maxwell's *The Devil's Garden* and Zane Gray's *The Light of Western Stars,* followed by the familiar *Pollyanna* and *Laddie.*

With the May issue the coming of the new books of the spring began to be felt. *The Inside of the Cup* was in second place, having given way to Miss Dalrymple's *Diane of the Green Van,* but *Pollyanna, T. Tembarom,* and *The Devil's Garden* were still respectively third, fourth, and fifth, with Joseph C. Lincoln's *Cap'n Dan's Daughter* to complete the monthly list. A new leader appeared in June with W. J. Locke's *The Fortunate Youth,* which held first place by a margin of thirty points over *Diane of the Green Van. The Inside of the Cup* had dropped out enitrely, and besides *Diane of the Green Van, The Devil's Garden* was the only "holdover" from May. In the third position was Mr. Tarkington's *Penrod,* fourth came *Overland Red,* published first anonymously, and sixth Rupert Hughes's *What Will People Say? The Fortunate Youth* continued to lead in July, with *What Will People Say?* second. An apparent revival of interest in *Pollyanna* brought it back to third place, with *Penrod* and *Diane of the Green Van* tied for fourth and fifth and Owen Johnson's *The Salamander* in sixth position. From last place in July to the lead in August *The Salamander* jumped, holding the first position by sixty odd points over Gilbert Parker's *You Never Know Your Luck. The Fortunate Youth* was third, Arnold Bennett's *The Price of Love* was fourth, *Pollyanna* fifth, and *Penrod* sixth.

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With 206 points *The Salamander* led again in September, a new contender, Thomas Dixon's *The Victim,* being approximately fifty points behind. Older books held all the other places in the list, these being *You Never Know Your Luck, Penrod, The Fortunate Youth,* and *Pollyanna.* The October lists marked

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the first appearance of Harold Bell Wright's *The Eyes of the World,* and just here it may be pointed out that, had it not been for the long lead established by Mr. Churchill's novel in the early months of 1914, *The Eyes of the World* instead of *The Inside of the Cup* might easily have been judged the most successful novel of the year. However, the only basis of comparison by which we may legitimately go is that of total points in the months representing the year. Again, if the number of appearances were to be considered, Eleanor H. Por-

"ONE OF TARKINGTON'S PECULIARITIES," COMMENTS MR. FLAGG, "IS THAT HE ENJOYS LIVING IN INDIANAPOLIS." FROM JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG'S "THE WELL KNOWNS"

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ter's *Pollyanna* could be ranked ahead of both Mr. Churchill's novel and Mr. Wright's. But coming back to October we find *The Eyes of the World* well in the lead, with *The Salamander* second, followed, in turn, by *Penrod, The Victim, Pollyanna,* and *The Fortunate Youth.* It was, of course, again *The Eyes of the World* in November, and then followed five entirely new books. In second and third places, separated by very few points, were Rex Beach's *The Auction Block* and George Barr McCutcheon's *The Prince of Graustark.* In fourth position was Robert W. Chambers's *Hidden Children,* fifth was Grace S. Richmond's *The Twenty-fourth of June,* and sixth Mrs. Atherton's *Perch of the Devil.* In November Mr. Bell's book had led by one hundred and forty points. In December this margin had been reduced to seventy points, the runner up for the month being Mr. McCutcheon's Graustark novel. In third place was a newcomer, Marjorie Benton Cooke's *Bambi,* with *The Auction Block* fourth, Florence Barclay's *The Wall of Partition* fifth and Kathleen Norris's *Saturday's Child* sixth.

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JANUARY

1. The Inside of the Cup..... 256
2. T. Tembarom..... 235
3. Laddie 169
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me..... 140
5. The Dark Flower..... 81
6. The Custom of the Country..... 80

FEBRUARY

1. The Inside of the Cup..... 305
2. T. Tembarom..... 209
3. Laddie 208
4. Pollyanna 110
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me..... 97
6. The Dark Flower..... 69

MARCH

1. The Inside of the Cup..... 312
2. T. Tembarom..... 246
3. Laddie 172
4. Pollyanna 122
5. It Happened in Egypt..... / The Dark Flower..... 104

APRIL

1. The Inside of the Cup..... 196
2. T. Tembarom..... 161
3. The Devil's Garden..... 133
4. The Light of Western Stars..... 127
5. Pollyanna 122
6. Laddie 96

MAY

1. Diane of the Green Van..... 224
2. The Inside of the Cup..... 183
3. Pollyanna 130
4. T. Tembarom..... 129
5. The Devil's Garden..... 120
6. Cap'n Dan's Daughter..... 113

JUNE

1. The Fortunate Youth..... 223
2. Diane of the Green Van..... 194
3. Penrod 146
4. Overland Red..... 108
5. The Devil's Garden..... 100
6. What Will People Say?..... 94

JULY

1. The Fortunate Youth..... 178
2. What Will People Say?..... 152
3. Pollyanna 127
4. Penrod ..... / Diane of the Green Van..... 116
6. The Salamander..... 108

AUGUST

1. The Salamander..... 213
2. You Never Know Your Luck..... 151
3. The Fortunate Youth..... 146
4. The Price of Love..... 134
5. Pollyanna 112
6. Penrod 104

SEPTEMBER

1. The Salamander..... 206
2. The Victim..... 161
3. You Never Know Your Luck..... 128
4. Penrod 122
5. The Fortunate Youth..... 113
6. Pollyanna 103

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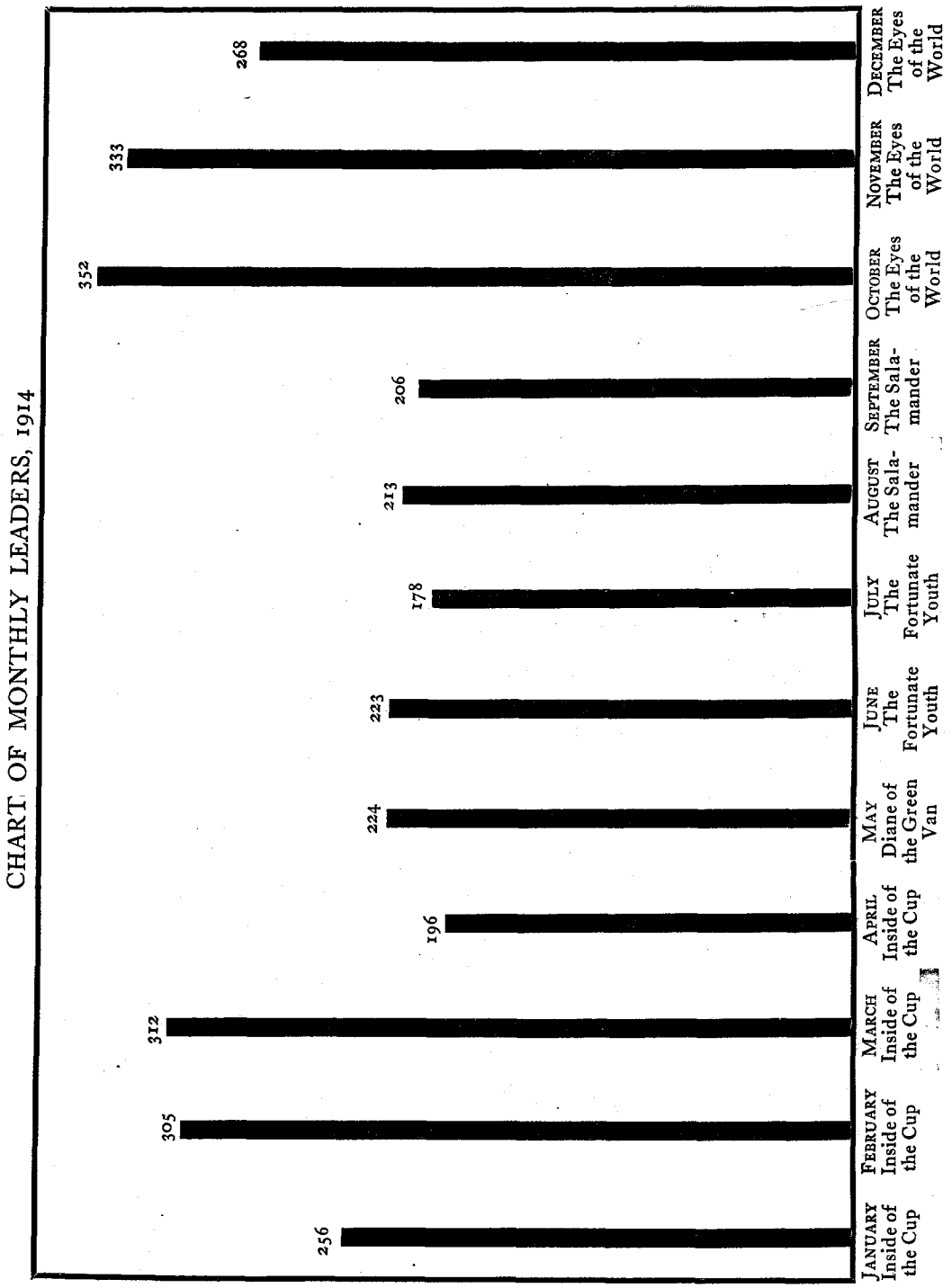

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OCTOBER

1. The Eyes of the World..... 352
2. The Salamander..... 173
3. Penrod 105
4. The Victim..... 104
5. Pollyanna 100
6. The Fortunate Youth..... 86

NOVEMBER

1. The Eyes of the World..... 333
2. The Auction Block..... 193
3. The Prince of Graustark..... 179
4. Hidden Children..... 96
5. The Twenty-fourth of June..... 93
6. Perch of the Devil..... 79

DECEMBER

1. The Eyes of the World..... 268
2. The Prince of Graustark..... 195
3. Bambi 137
4. The Auction Block..... 124
5. The Wall of Partition..... 82
6. Saturday's Child..... 67

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From the above lists the following compilation may be made:

EIGHT TIMES MENTIONED

Pollyanna.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Inside of the Cup, The Fortunate Youth, Penrod.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

T. Tembarom, Laddie, The Salamander.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

The Dark Flower, The Devil's Garden, Diane of the Green Van, The Eyes of the World.

TWICE MENTIONED

The Woman Thou Gavest Me, What Will People Say?, You Never Know Your Luck, The Victim, The Auction Block, The Prince of Graustark.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Custom of the Country, It Happened in Egypt, The Light of Western Stars, Cap'n Dan's Daughter, Overland Red, The Price of Love, The Hidden Children, The Twenty-fourth of June, Perch of the Devil, Bambi, The War of Partition, Saturday's Child.

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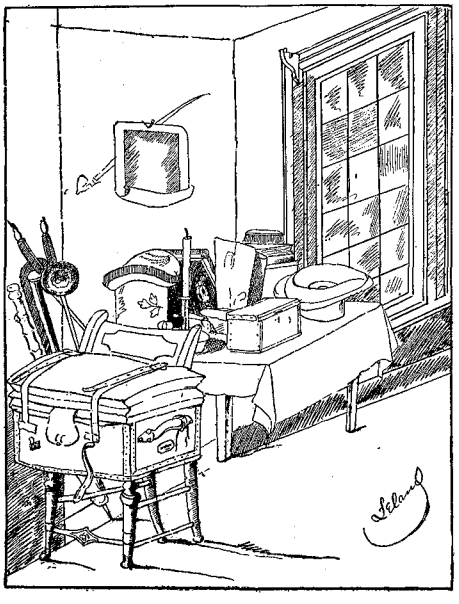
"Hans Breitmann"

To the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* of December 2d last we are indebted for the accompanying hitherto unpublished poem and illustration by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). The verses were written and the drawing made while Leland was still an undergraduate. From Princeton, where he was a member of the class of 1845, he went to Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris to continue his studies, and was one of the American deputation to congratulate the French Provisional Government on the Revolution of 1848, in the course of which he joined the students of the Latin Quarter behind the Paris barricades. "A Serenade" was probably one of his earliest literary efforts, for his first book was not written until ten years after his graduation from Princeton. Another



AN UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND (HANS BREITMANN) OF HIS COLLEGE ROOM AT PRINCETON. COURTESY OF THE PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

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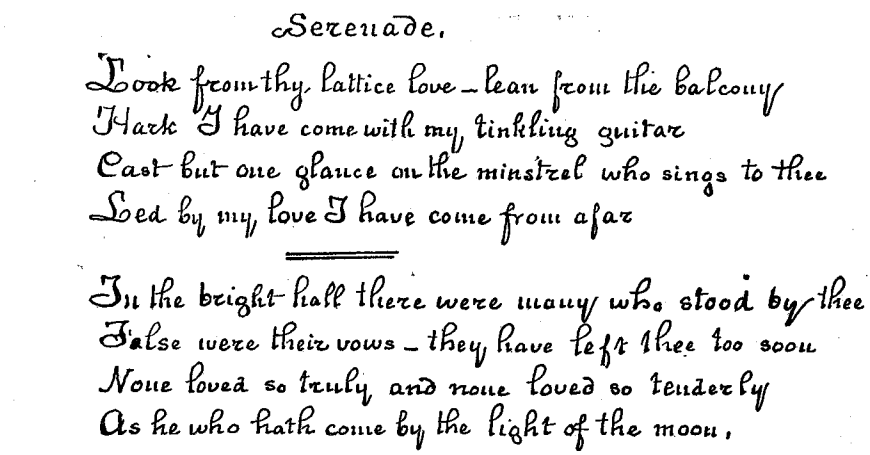

Serenade.

Look from thy lattice love – lean from the balcony
Hark I have come with my tinkling guitar
Cast but one glance on the minstrel who sings to thee
Led by my love I have come from afar

In the bright hall there were many who stood by thee
False were their vows – they have left thee too soon
None loved so truly and none loved so tenderly
As he who hath come by the light of the moon,

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM IN THE HANDWRITING OF CHARLES GODFREY LELAND (HANS BREITMANN) WRITTEN IN HIS UNDERGRADUATE DAYS AT PRINCETON. FROM THE LELAND COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS IN THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. COURTESY OF THE PRINCETON ALUMNI WEEKLY

ten years intervened before the appearance in book form of *Hans Breitmann's Ballads,* his best known work.

• • •

A. P. Watt

Sir Walter Besant, who, taken all in all, was something of a belligerent in his attitude toward publishers and literary agents in general, was outspoken in his appreciation of the late Mr. A. P. Watt, who died in England on November third last. In a page of his *Autobiography* Sir Walter expressed his great and lasting gratitude to Mr. Watt and his son, "by whose watch and ward my interests have been so carefully guarded for eighteen years. During that time I have always been engaged for the three years in advance; I have been relieved from every kind of pecuniary embarrassment; my income has been multiplied by three at least; and I have had, through them, the offer of a great deal more work than I could undertake. I cannot speak too strongly of the services rendered to me by my literary agent. Of course, there are different kinds of agents. There is the agent, for example, who knows nothing about his business. But the agent who does know his business, who knows also editors, publishers, and their arrangements, may be of immense use to the novelist, the essayist, the traveller—in short, to the author of any book that can command a circulation and a public demand. And such an agent is Mr. A. P. Watt."

• • •

At the time of his death Mr. Watt was in his seventy-eighth year. While possibly not the first literary agent, he was one of the earliest, and soon became the most important intermediary between authors and publishers. He had been a reader for his brother-in-law, Alexander Strahan, who for a time was very prominent among English publishers. This brought him into close relations with authors, especially Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and George Macdonald, with whom he was especially intimate, and others of the earlier time. Among his later clients were Kipling, Anthony Hope, Sir Gilbert Parker, Conan Doyle, H. Seton Merriman, and one may almost say nearly all the prominent writers of the last twenty-five years. He had a keen appreciation of the value of literary property, and a rare sense of the ultimate value of the manuscripts

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which passed through his hands. There is much to regret in the passing away to so great an extent of the close and direct relations formerly existing between authors and publishers, but the greater complication of modern publishing, involving as it does serial, dramatic and other rights, has made the literary agent inevitable. Mr. Watt exercised this delicate function with rare tact and good judgment, and won the confidence of both the authors and publishers concerned to a high degree.

• • •

Dostoevsky's Letters

That Dostoevsky did not like Turgenev he tells us in one of a series of letters that has just been brought out in book form by the Macmillan Company through the medium of the translation of Ethel Colburn Mayne. Writing under date of August, 1867, he tells his correspondent that for ten years he had owed Turgenev fifty dollars, "which even to-day I haven't yet paid back. I can't stand the aristocratic and pharisaical sort of way he embraces one, and offers his cheek to be kissed. He puts on monstrous airs; but my bitterest complaint against him is his book *Smoke*." Then Dostoevsky goes on to tell of a visit he paid Turgenev and the squabble which grew out of the discussion of that book. The root of the trouble was Turgenev's lack of Russian patriotism, a crime in the eyes of Dostoevsky. "The animosity with which I speak of Turgenev, and the insults we offered one another," wrote Dostoevsky in concluding his letter, "will perhaps strike you unpleasantly. But, by God, I can no other; he offended me too deeply with his amazing views. Personally, I feel little affected, though his uppish manners are quite disagreeable enough in themselves; but I simply can't stand by and listen when a traitor who, if he chose, could be of service to his country, abuses Russia in the way he does. His tail-wagging to the Germans, and his hatred for the Russians, I had noticed already—four years ago. But his present rage and fury against Russia arises solely from the failure of *Smoke* and from the fact that Russia has dared refuse to hail him as a genius. It is nothing but vanity, and therefore all the more repulsive."

• • •

In addition to the letters themselves the volume contains various recollections of Dostoevsky by some of his intimates and some contemporary judgments. The reminiscences of D. D. Grigorovitch throw light on Dostoevsky's literary partialities. A book that he particularly prized was de Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Balzac was his favourite writer. He considered him by far the most important of French authors and at one time he made a translation of *Eugénie Grandet*. "At that time," relates Grigorovitch, "Dostoevsky would spend whole days, and sometimes nights, at his desk. He never said a word about what he was working at; he answered my questions unwillingly and laconically, and I soon ceased to interrogate him; I merely saw countless sheets covered with Dostoevsky's peculiar writing—every letter as if drawn. I have seen no writing like it, except that of Dumas *père*. When Dostoevsky was not writing, he would sit crouched over a book. For a while he raved about the novels of Soulié, particularly the *Mémoires des Démons*. As a consequence of his hard work and the sedentary life he led, his health was getting worse and worse; those troubles which had occasionally shown themselves even in his boyhood now became increasingly frequent."

• • •

The O. Henry Memorial

In Raleigh, North Carolina, on the evening of Wednesday, December second last, there was presented to the State the bronze tablet executed by the Chicago sculptor, Loredo Taft, to commemorate the late O. Henry. The tablet was unveiled by William Sidney Porter's daughter, Margaret Porter. Governor Craig accepted the tablet in the name of the State of North Carolina.

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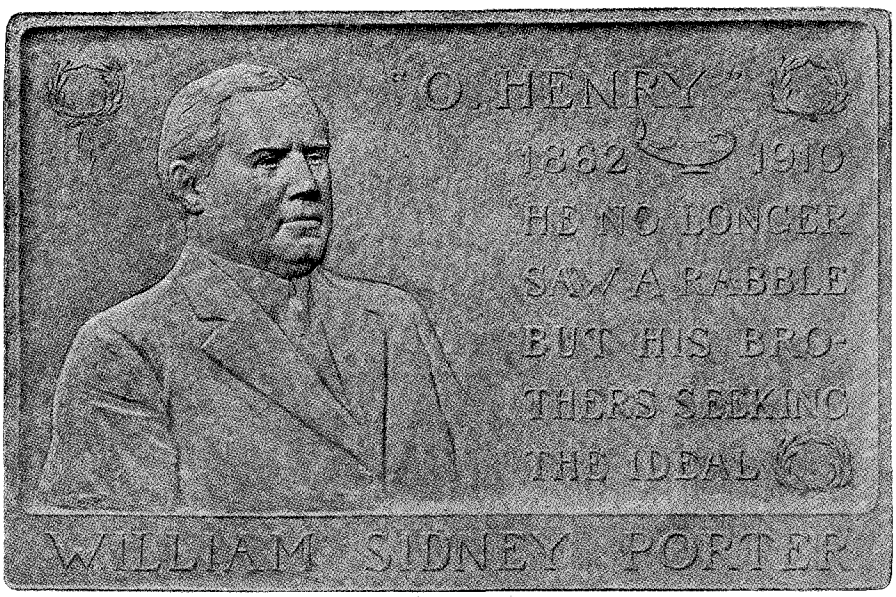

THE O. HENRY MEMORIAL TABLET

The principal address was delivered by Dr. C. Alphonse Smith, of the University of Virginia. This tribute to O. Henry, a tribute to which THE BOOKMAN and all its readers are very heartily in sympathy, was made possible through the efforts of the North Carolina Historical Association, led by its President, Dr. Archibald Henderson, who initiated and carried the movement to its successful conclusion.

• • •

A German Protest

We have received from a gentleman with a Germanic name, who resides in Pittsburgh, a letter which he signs "Yours in disgust," protesting against the publication in the December BOOKMAN of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's poem "The Emperor of Almain," which he regards as a violation of the neutrality prescribed by President Wilson. He argues, first of all, that we should bear in mind that the readers of THE BOOKMAN presumably are interested in it as a literary review. On that point he is quite right, and it was precisely because Mr. Hewlett's position as a man of letters is such a distinguished one that anything he writes should prove of interest to persons liking to keep in touch with literary matters that we printed the poem. It was not, as our correspondent professes to think, for the purpose of lending our pages to a propaganda of ill will against one of the contestants in the European War. Also the gentleman from Pittsburgh takes exception to the paragraphs in the December "Chronicle and Comment" about the books of Mahon and Pommer, asking why we make no comment upon Alphonse Daudet's portraiture of the French in the various books dealing with Tartarin, or George Bernard Shaw's characterisation of the British in *The Man of Destiny*. If the gentleman thinks it worth while to refer to the files of THE BOOKMAN he will find that not only has that point in *The Man of Destiny* been very adequately discussed, but that every aspect of the whimsical humour which Daudet poked at the volatile and impressionable Frenchman of the south has been exploited in these pages. We might fill an entire issue of the magazine by reprinting what has already been written about the people of Tarascon, the

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"cap-poppers" of the Little Alps, Tartarin at home, in Africa, climbing the Jungfrau, in Bonnivard's dungeon in the Castle of Chillon, and the ridiculous misfortunes of those men and women of Southern France in the rôle of colonists as outlined in the pages of *Port Tarascon*. As for our alleged pro-British tendencies it may soothe the feelings of our correspondent to be informed that it was not long ago that we were violently accused of Anglophobia. We do not claim to cherish sentiments of the strictest neutrality. How could that be possible with the spectacle of prostrate Belgium and the ashes of Louvain before our eyes? But we do claim that we can print eighty-eight lines of verse from a man of the eminence of Mr. Maurice Hewlett without laying ourselves open to the charge of abetting underhand propaganda against the German nation.

• • •

Our Pittsburgh correspondent complained because we printed a poem in which Mr. Hewlett expresses himself in uncomplimentary terms about the German Kaiser. To placate him entirely we print here a poem in which a German writer says what he thinks about England. The writer is Ernst Lissauer, the verses appeared in *Jugend,* and just as we printed the former poem because it was the work of Maurice Hewlett, and not because it attacked Germany, we are printing this one not because it speaks disparagingly of England, but because of the very unusual manner in which it has been rendered into English by Barbara Henderson, who is the wife of the American essayist and critic, Professor Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina.

French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not,
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges-gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,
He crouches behind the dark grey flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the Judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

In the Captain's Mess, in the banquet-hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass held high to hail;
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate,
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the Earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will seal.

You will we hate with a lasting hate,
We will never forego our hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

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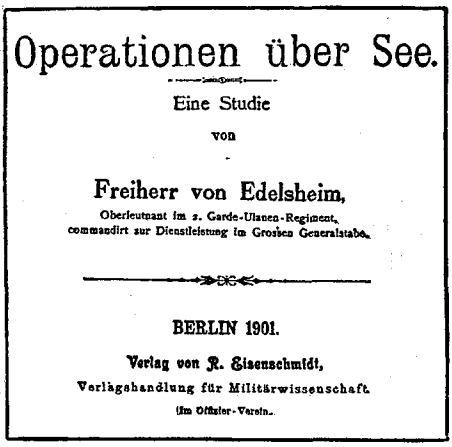
Operationen über See.

Eine Studie

von

Freiherr von Edelsheim,

Oberleutnant im 2. Garde-Ulanen-Regiment, commandirt zur Dienstleistung im Grossen Generalstabe.

BERLIN 1901.

Verlag von R. Eisenschmidt,

Verlagshandlung für Militärwissenschaft.

(Im Offizier-Verein.)

While on this subject, we take occasion to refer to a mysterious book by a certain Von Edelsheim entitled *Oversea Operations,* and discussing the German plans for a possible invasion and conquest of the United States. The German ambassador to this country has been quoted as denying the existence of such a book. At the moment of writing we have the book in question before us. As the accompanying reproduction of the cover will show, it was published in Berlin in 1901. We shall be very glad to show it to any one who is sceptical as to its existence, but we protest that the simple chance possession of the little volume is not to be regarded in the light of "Majestätsbeleidigung."

• • •

Kitchener and Cobb

We were rather sorry that Irvin S. Cobb saw fit to write and publish that interview with Lord Kitchener which appeared in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post,* and was promptly repudiated by the British War Office. The temptation to do so was undoubtedly great, but the achievement certainly did not create a good impression. We have not the slightest doubt, however, of the general accuracy of Mr. Cobb's story. The statement of the British War Office repudiated the interview but did not deny it. That Mr. Cobb saw Lord Kitchener and talked with him was conceded. The only discrepancy was that the War Office's statement alluded to the interview as one of five minutes' duration, whereas Mr. Cobb spoke of forty minutes. Also the official statement did not specifically say that Lord Kitchener had not said what he was reported to have said, but that he would not have said the things that were

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IRVIN COBB, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN MONTHS, BEGINNING HIS LITERARY CAREER

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ascribed to him. Taken all in all the interview must be regarded as exceedingly clever, but a great pity.

• • •

Impressions of Meredith

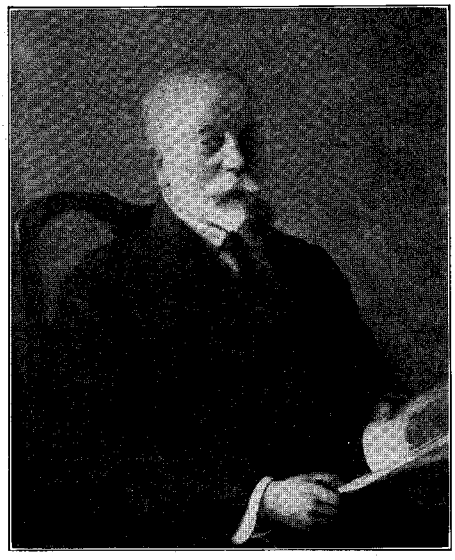
In *Charles Stewart Parnell; His Love Story and Political Life*, which was formally reviewed in our November issue, there is an account of Katherine O'Shea Parnell, of a very human George Meredith, who used to call upon a wealthy, crotchety, secluded aunt of the author. Says Mrs. Parnell: "It was very amusing to watch George Meredith on his excursion from the front door to the dressing-room at the foot of the stairs, where my aunt kept three pairs of slippers for the use of her 'gentleman readers,' lest their boots soil her carpets. To reach this little room he had—if in a good mood and conforming to his old friend's regulations—to walk straight ahead past the room and make a detour round a pillar of (imitation) green marble and a table, back to the door. On days of rebellion against these forms and ceremonies he would hesitate for a moment just inside the door, and, with a reckless uplifting of his head, begin a hasty stride across the sacred places, a stride which became an agitated tip-toeing under the scandalised gaze of the footman. Before he began to read to my aunt, the following dialogue invariably took place:

" 'Now, my dear lady, I will read you something of my own.'

" 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Meredith, I cannot comprehend your works.'

" 'I will explain my meaning, dear Mrs. Wood.'

" 'You are prodigiously kind, dear Mr Meredith, but I should prefer Molière to-day.' "



MR. JOHN LANE, THE ENGLISH PUBLISHER, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY. FROM A PORTRAIT BY MARION BOYD ALLEN, OF BOSTON

• • •

"Once in London," says Mrs. Parnell, "we called on Meredith. As we neared the house, I asked Willie the names of Meredith's works, so that I might be ready primed with intelligent interest. Willie smiled sarcastically as he mentioned one or two, adding, 'You need not worry yourself; Meredith will soon enlighten us as to his books. They say it's the one thing he ever talks about.' But we spent a delightful afternoon with Mr. Meredith, who showed us all his literary treasures and the little house at the end of the garden where he wrote. While we sat in the lovely little garden drinking tea, our host descanted on the exquisite haze of heat that threw soft shadows about the house and gave the great trees in the background the appearance of an enchanted forest. George Meredith was 'reader' to Chapman and Hall in those days. To Aunt Ben, Meredith appeared to be a very young man indeed, and she loved to tease him about his very high appreciation of his own work—and person. He took her gentle raillery absolutely in good part, and would hold forth upon what the literary world 'of all time' owed him in his books, and also upon what Lady This-or-that had said in admiration of his good looks at such-and-such a gathering."

• • •

Anthony Trollope appears in this book as an intrepid sportsman who caused his

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friends anxiety when he rode to the hounds because he would stick at nothing. Alfred Austin, in the days before he became Poet Laureate, appears as a pleasant gentleman who was very sensitive to criticism. But neither of these gentlemen, nor even another family friend, Lord Lytton—"Owen Meredith"—has more than a mention, while two passages bear witness to the admiration and affection the Parnells both felt for Katherine Tynan, the Irish poet. Parnell said to his future wife, speaking of one of the receptions which he so hated and dreaded, " 'It was all very kind and just as troublesome as usual—or would have been had I not discovered a pretty little brown head with friendly eyes that looked as shy as I felt. . . . It was Katherine Tynan, you read some of her things to me.' At a reception like this where the guests were, of course, mostly English, Parnell would retire behind his coldest, most aloof bulwark of exquisite courtesy, and, to use his own simile about Katherine Tynan, 'I felt as though a little friendly bird had made a song for me in an unfriendly land.' We often afterward spoke of the 'little friendly bird,' and, should Mrs. Hinkson (Katherine Tynan) ever see this book, she will know that the 'Chief' appreciated both her loyalty and her song.' "

• • •

Nat Goodwin's Book

This is as amazing a bit of effrontery as we have seen in years. Whether the subject of a chapter be a wife, a critic who has been uncomplimentary, or a fellow Thespian whose personality or performance has displeased him, Mr. Goodwin expresses himself with a frankness, an unrestraint, and a richness of epithet that quite takes away the breath. In the following illustrations the discreet blanks are our own. There is nothing reticent about the book. Here is a characteristic tribute to one of the wives:

From that day forward —— —— and my wife conspired against me. They exchanged endearing expressions through the mail—aided and abetted by the wife of a Chicago dentist who had committed suicide after one of his "best friends" had stolen his wife (who deserted her child to come to New York and aid other women with affinities!). Fancy, killing one's self! Why not kill her and her paramour?

They made a worthy trio! And they finally succeeded in hatching a scheme which developed in —— starring alone in a play written for her by —— called *Her Own Way*—an appropriate title cunningly selected. They launched her as a star (on my money!) and broke up my home!

Here is a genial characterisation of a very distinguished American critic of the drama:

The fulsome flattery of the senile, undersized critic who pens his truckling screeds at so much a column (but never again in the paper from which he was dropped) and has been doing so to my certain knowledge for over thirty years, is but the vapouring of his infinitesimal soul.

And here is an anecdote illustrating his attitude toward a stage rival:

One night several years ago at the Garrick Club in London, Joseph Knight and I were discussing the American invasion of England by American artists. During the course of our conversation, Knight said:—

"My dear Goodwin, we had an extraordinary chap over here from your country some years ago. I can't recall him by name, but he was a most uncomfortable person to meet and an *awful* actor! He endeavoured to play Richard the III and gave an *awful* performance! He followed this with a play written by Robert Louis Stevenson in which he scratched the carpet and was somebody else! He was a boss-eyed chap, spoke several languages and was remarkably adept at the piano. I can't for the life of me recall his name."

From Knight's description I knew that he meant ——— and ventured to suggest that that might be the man to whom he referred.

"———! Yes, that's the chap! Is he still going strong in America?"

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"Going strong!" I replied. "Why, he makes more money than all of us combined. He is called America's greatest player!"

"Really!" exclaimed the illustrious Knight. "What an extraordinary country!"

But in strict justice, it must be said that, on occasions, Mr. Goodwin manifests an undeniable sense of humour.

• • •

Erckmann-Chatrian

Along with the array of war books, official and otherwise, that loom up ominously on book stalls and in shop windows, there is to be noted a certain percentage of familiar old historical novels that have suddenly taken on a fresh and timely interest. Among others, there seems to be a mild revival of the old-time popularity of the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian. Quite recently a certain New York bookseller devoted one entire window to high-piled pyramids of *The Conscript, Brigadier Frederick* and *The Blockade of Phalsburg,* in standard English translations. And since attention is once more turning to these world-famous products of collaboration, it is fair to assume that the lamentable termination of forty years of friendship, a lifetime partnership, should be of general interest.

• • •

It is curious how little is known of the personality of these two men or of the intimate details which led to their estrangement, and even these details are many of them flatly contradictory. You may look in vain in literary histories and encyclopedias under the caption, Erckmann-Chatrian; even in the great *Larousse* you will find little more than a list of their principal works and a word of appreciation of their exceptional intellectual union. For further facts you must look elsewhere. When M. Chatrian died, soon after 1890, articles appeared in the Paris papers, giving his side of the quarrel, and for many years they were not, we believe, publicly contradicted. They were made accessible to English readers by Madame van de Velde, in her *French Fiction of To-day,* published in London in 1891. It seems that comparatively late in their careers several plays had been produced in Paris, signed with their joint names, but of these Erckmann had not written a word; Chatrian, assisted by some professional playwright, was the sole author. "As long as the plays were successful, Erckmann took his share of the royalties, but when they ceased to run, he sent his nephew to Chatrian, who was old, broken down, with failing memory, and put in a claim against him. He objected to royalties paid to collaborators, and *as an indemnity for past losses* demanded the complete abandonment of Chatrian's right to the published *Edition de Théâtre.*" Madame van de Velde goes on to say:

> M. Erckmann is thoroughly German, M. Chatrian is entirely French. The former lives in Phalsburg, among Germans, with a niece married to a Brunswick officer, receives the Governor of Lorraine, and has apparently forgotten that the Germans bombarded the town and burned his father's house. M. Chatrian resides at St. Dié, on the French side; has reared his sons in the love of France, enlisted them at the age of eighteen in French regiments; he occasionally crosses the frontier, to visit his father's tomb, but has solemnly forbidden that his body be laid at his side "as long as a German foot treads the ground of Alsace-Lorraine."

The outcome of the controversy, according to this same authority, was that Chatrian was persuaded to arbitrate and to place the matter in the hands of a lawyer friend of the claimant. He was eventually informed of the final decision: he was required to pay out of his own pocket to Erckmann all the sums paid out to the various men who had helped him write "their plays." Either from weakness or kind-heartedness, he did not contest the result, but a compromise was finally reached by which he paid one-half the amount claimed, or twenty-two thousand one hundred and seventeen francs, which made serious inroads on his slender resources.

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Such was the story given out in 1891, and it sounds plausible enough: a gradual alienation due to a difference of nationality and the long smouldering rancours engendered by the war. It was not until a score of years later that the opposite side, the side of Emile Erckmann, was given in an article published by one of the leading French reviews and entitled "The Truth about Erckmann-Chatrian." This article, professedly based upon a personal interview with the aged Erckmann only a short time before his death, bears the stamp of authenticity and is especially interesting in that, while in a measure it corroborates the earlier account, it adds certain salient little details which, if true, completely reverse our sympathies. According to this later writer, the relations between the two authors had never been properly understood: Erckmann had always been the patron and Chatrian the beneficiary, Erckmann the soul of the combination, the creative writer, and Chatrian the factotum, the agent, the man of business. Their acquaintance began when Erckmann was a law student in Paris; he received one day a plaintive letter in verse, in which the unhappy writer compared himself to a hunted stag brought to bay. The letter interested Erckmann to such an extent that when, shortly afterward, he returned to Phalsburg, the source of the letter in question, he hunted out its author, discovered him to be Chatrian, and in a short time they were on terms of close intimacy and Erckmann had made it possible for his new friend to go to Paris by settling upon him an allowance of one hundred and fifty francs a month from his own slender patrimony. From this time onward for forty years Chatrian remained in the literary centre, while Erckmann continued to produce in Phalsburg those modest masterpieces that he successively forwarded for his friend's practical amendments. Chatrian continued to the end the man of business, and Erckmann the man of letters. Chatrian transcribed the manuscripts, rejecting certain passages, revising certain episodes, choosing the favourable moment for publication, calling on editors, arranging terms with publishers, collecting and investing the royalties, and in short relieving his collaborator of all the thousand annoyances of the practical side of a literary career. "What author to-day," comments the article from which we quote, "would not be thankful to have his own Chatrian?"

• • •

But when in the course of years Erckmann had ceased to write and Chatrian

HUGH WALPOLE. AS SEEN BY TOM TIT

withdrew from Paris and retired to St. Dié, it seemed necessary that the accounting, for which Erckmann had never before asked, should at last be made. In rendering this account Chatrian said:

We have always shared the royalties from our books. We must now share the royalties from our plays. These plays were all taken from the books with the aid of collaborators

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HAMLIN GARLAND AND THE YOUNG LADY WHO TOOK THE PART OF "THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER" (MR. GARLAND'S LATEST NOVEL) AS SHE APPEARED AT THE IOWA AUTHOR'S HOMECOMING WEEK IN OCTOBER

whom I have paid. The money paid to them should be deducted from your share, since you did not take part in writing the plays.

Erckmann, the account continues, agreed to this. But serious errors were found in the accounts. An arbitrator was called in and this arbitrator appointed Chatrian to revise his own mistakes, which by his own showing amounted to upward of twenty-two thousand francs! But throughout the interview necessitated by the final readjustments, it was noticed that Chatrian laboured under much agitation, and it is recorded that he frequently was heard to give utterance to such intemperate phrases as "Prussian! To think that I have been so long collaborating with a Prussian! . . . When the Théâtre-Français posted the bulletins announcing *L'Ami Fritz*, he has no idea how I suffered at having my name coupled with that of a Prussian!"

• • •

One more circumstance of some little interest is the article published in the *Figaro* shortly after the break, and signed by Georgol, Chatrian's private secretary. It called Erckmann a renegade and accused him of having played the buffoon before German officers, singing the "Marseillaise" and dancing to it, at the time of the siege of Phalsburg. Erckmann, adds his latest champion, brought suit, and recovered damages. That he was not Prussian at heart is shown by these further details:

Three years before his death, Erckmann was seized with an irresistible homesickness

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for his birthplace. But in revisiting Strassburg he refused to be shown the new portions of the city, built since 1871. It was his old French Strassburg that he wished to revisit. He observed that the children in the streets still spoke Alsatian. As for him, he had never learned German, and congratulated himself on this ignorance, maintaining that the Berlin folk employed a wretched patois and that Alsatian was the true classic speech.

• • •

"M. La Rue"

Every one is familiar with the form letters that are sent out by periodicals for the purpose of building up circulation, setting forth the virtues and attractions of the periodical in question, and expressing pain and astonishment over the fact that the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed is not to be found on the list of subscribers. Such a document recently found its way to Mr. Julian Street, the genial author of *Abroad at Home, The Need of Change, Welcome to Our City, Paris à La Carte,* and various other volumes that have helped to relieve and lighten the monotony of life, but the slight error was made of addressing him as "Julius" Street. Which error led Mr. Street to write personally to the editor of the periodical the following lines of remonstrance: "My dear ——: As you see, your people got my first name right, but in these war times I'm rather particular about the spelling of the last name, which as all literate persons must know is *Strasse.*"

• • •

A friend, who is himself a writer, recently wrote to Mr. Street, asking the latter to autograph a copy of the recently published *Abroad at Home.* In a spirit of flippancy and assumed paternalism Mr. Street replied to the following effect:

My Dear Young Admirer:

No; I would not advise you to become an author. It is better, always, for a young man to try to earn his living in some honest way, before finally abandoning himself to literature.

As to my autograph, which you request, I enclose you herewith my regular rates, and will be glad to furnish you with autographs, as specified, on receipt of certified check or postal order for the proper amount.

Rates

One autograph, name only, on small, cheap card, 50 cents.

One autograph, name only, on fine gilt edge card, 75 cents.

One autograph, with words "Yours truly," $1.00.

One autograph inscribed to you, personally, $1.50.

One autograph letter, one page long (rather formal), $2.00.

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The last named rate does not include readings, which will be charged for at the rate of $25 for the first half hour, and $12.50 for each additional quarter hour thereafter. The rate, however, includes meeting five of your friends. Additional friends will be met at the rate of $5 each for men, and $7.50 each for women under thirty years of age. Women over thirty will be met at the rate of $2.50 additional for each five years of age.

For calling me by first name before five people, $12.50.

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THE POPULARITY OF HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE conversation having turned upon the perpetual conundrum of Harold Bell Wright's popularity, a veteran bookseller said the other day in a burst of confidence, "It is no mystery at all, just a matter of sheer advertising, like selling patent medicines or breakfast foods! Take any novel, I don't care how good or bad it is, and use the same methods, advertise it as widely and persistently, give away as many presentation copies in special leather bindings to the retail dealers, accompanied by nice little personal letters, saying that here is a book that you are sure will appeal to them and that they will be glad to recommend to their customers—and I will guarantee that you will get similar results." Here, of course, was a case where too much familiarity with books as an article of merchandise had led to the proverbial contempt. The explanation was interesting, but it explained only in part. For even in the matter of fiction you cannot fool all the people all the time. And it is evident that there is something in the writings of Harold Bell Wright that really does have a strong appeal for a large portion of the American reading public. In what does this quality consist?

In fairness to Mr. Wright, it should be admitted at the start that he is an uneven craftsman, and not by any means always at his worst. Behind the melodrama, the exaggeration, the sentimentality, the mawkishness, we do now and then glimpse life, human nature, genuine grief and joy. But these glimpses are rare and evanescent; and for the rest we get the impression of watching the curious distortions of a convex mirror and trying to guess what the actualities are like. Anatole France, it will be remembered, once wrote that he had read one of Georges Ohnet's novels and would never read another, for it made him sad to know that the world contained so bad a book. In this respect, if in no other, Mr. Wright might be called the American Georges Ohnet. Why do people read him?

The answer seems to lie in the old platitude that it takes all sorts of people to make up the world. The sophisticated dweller in our big cities has difficulty in realising that within easy commuting distance there are thousands of worthy men and women whose standards in religion, morals and practical living are still to all intents Early Victorian. They are still akin in spirit to the generation that wept copiously over *The Heir of Radcliffe*, they like to have the emotions laid on thickly like jam, they revel especially in a sort of sentimentalised theology, and never weary of a hero or heroine who suddenly kneels in public places and bursts into fervent prayer. These elements you find in varying degree in a number of modern novelists who hold a large public, in Hall Caine, for instance, and in Ralph Connor. And you find them raised to the Nth power in Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

Perhaps the simplest way in which to sum up Mr. Wright is to say that he employs the Salvation Army methods. His style is largely suggestive of the drum and the tambourine, his attitude is the uncompromising attitude of the revivalist, he ruthlessly divides his sheep from his goats, omnipotently thrusting the latter into outer darkness. And because so many people are still secretly old-fashioned in their beliefs, still look upon our big cities as modern Sodoms and Gomorrahs, they find his hectic denunciations of the sins of society as soul-satisfying as our puritan ancestors found

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the fire and brimstone of the Sunday sermon. Is this an exaggeration? Let us examine briefly *The Eyes of the World,* Mr. Wright's latest novel, and easily his worst.

Aaron King, a young art student, is summoned home from Paris just in time to receive the last injunctions of his dying mother who has starved herself in order to give him his education. Kneeling by her bedside he makes a promise, "the promise that he did not at first understand," and a month later we find him steaming westward, in order to carry out this mysterious promise,—"and how he came at last to understand," says Mr. Wright after his customary manner of self-intrusion, "is the story I have to tell." Sheer chance kindly simplifies the author's task by bringing together on the Golden State Limited practically all the important characters in the story, all of whom turn out to have been in the past strangely and mysteriously mixed up in one another's destinies. There is Conrad Legrange, a successful novelist, and formerly a devoted friend of Aaron's mother. Incidentally, Mr. Legrange gives the following pleasing estimate of his own place in literature:

> I am a literary scavenger. I haunt the intellectual slaughter pens, and live by the putrid offal that self-respecting writers reject. I glean the stinking materials for my stories from the sewers and cesspools of life. For the dollars they pay, I furnish my readers with those thrills that public decency forbids them to experience at first hand. My books breed moral pestilence and spiritual disease. I am an instigator of degrading immorality and unmentionable crimes.

Then there is James Rutlidge, famous critic, a "red-faced, bull-necked brute," whose father had inherited millions and "killed himself spending them in unmentionable ways." Accompanying Rutlidge is his late father's partner, Edward J. Taine, a decrepit old sensualist, "with tottering step and feeble, shaking limbs," whose "glazed, red-rimmed eyes" feed upon the "voluptuous beauty" of his young wife "with a look of sullen, impotent lustfulness that was near insanity." Then there is Taine's daughter, Louise, by a former wife, an "effervescing young creature," whom Rutlidge hopes to marry. As for the domestic felicity of Taine's second marriage, the following extract of the wife's frank utterance to her husband is illuminating:

> Even suppose that I were as evil as your foul mind sees me, what right have you to object? Are you so chaste that you dare cast a stone at me? Am I to have no pleasure in this hell you have made for me but the horrible pleasure of watching you in the hell you have made for yourself?

And lastly, there is Miss Willard, the "Woman with the Disfigured Face," an elderly woman whose profile is one of faultless beauty when seen from one side, but hideously seamed and scarred on the other,—a mysterious woman who becomes strangely agitated when she discovers the presence of Rutlidge and the Taines upon the train. How the beautiful Mrs. Taine becomes enamoured of the young artist, commissions him to paint her portrait, and almost succeeds in awakening him to a responsive fire; how her bestial old husband believes the worst and dies cursing her; how the artist, having painted a flattering likeness because Mrs. Taine's favour will be the making of his reputation, is brought by the cynical Legrange to see that he is degrading his art, and thereupon ruthlessly paints another in which he strips bare the woman's evil soul; how he meets Sibyl Andrés, the pretty protégée of Miss Willard and learns what true love means; how the girl is insulted by the jealous Mrs. Taine, who accuses her of being Aaron's mistress; how Sibyl, in shame and distress, flees alone to the mountains, is abducted by Rutlidge, trailed by Aaron and forced to watch a frightful struggle between the two men on the brink of an abyss; how an ex-convict who has fallen in love with her, plays the part of providence and shoots Rutlidge, whose disappearance remains a mystery to

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the world at large,—all these tangled and breathless happenings are the main threads leading up to the final climax, in which it is shown that Mrs. Taine is the illegitimate daughter of Miss Willard, betrayed years ago by old Jim Rutlidge; that the first wife of Rutlidge learned the truth, hunted out the other woman and threw acid in her face, some drops falling on the little child in her arms; and that Mrs. Taine's famous fad of modesty, her refusal to wear low-necked gowns, is simply due to the disfiguring burns on her beautiful shoulders. And because of this discovery of her illegitimacy, Mrs. Taine's plan to avenge herself on Aaron, first for his unresponsiveness and secondly for his too realistic portrait, is frustrated, because if she uses her potent social influence against him, her secret will be published, and the one thing she dreads is "the eyes of the world."

Now all this extraordinary hotch-potch of seduction, abduction, murder, and other human foulness, complicated though it is, so that a retelling must be either as tediously prolonged as the original, or else as clumsy, sounds nevertheless curiously familiar, like a twice-told tale. It recalls the confession of another maker of "Best Sellers," a few years ago, who told frankly and without shame, how he deliberately culled the most telling situations, speeches and descriptions from a score of popuuar successes, ingeniously made a mosaic of them and sold the result to an extent beyond the dreams of avarice. But when we look more closely into the novels of Mr. Wright we find no episodes borrowed from any contemporary fiction; we must go further back to those early Victorian days of which we have already spoken, indeed even further. Mr. Wright is excessively fond of mystery, sinister hints of terrible disclosures to come, a direct inheritance from *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Occasionally we recognise a borrowing from the elder Dumas, as for instance the disfigurement of the beautiful shoulder of Milady de Winter, while a little patient probing in Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon and other popular writers of an earlier generation would no doubt reward us with numerous other probably unconscious parallels. But the real reason that Mr. Wright sounds so often familiar is that his situations are the common property of melodrama the world over. You do not find them in current fiction, but you do find them on New York's East Side stage and its equivalents, and in the moving picture. The daring abduction and brave rescue, the deadly struggle on the narrow ledge, the gun-shot from an ambush in the nick of time,—how many times we have seen unsophisticated audiences at a "Nickelodion" thrill at the silent flashing forth of these lurid happenings. Perhaps after all, that is part of the secret of Mr. Wright's success. He writes badly, he is blatantly, even grotesquely false to life, his technique is a thing to weep over, —but somehow or other, he does make the reader see. It is a common platitude of the stage that an audience believes the most incongruous, impossible things because it sees them happen. Well, that is the way with Harold Bell Wright's printed motion pictures. We *see* them happen.

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ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IV—France

I

Stevenson lived more freely, more fully, and more happily in France than in any other country.

The word *atmosphere* is used in two senses,—to indicate an essence absorbed by the lungs, and to indicate an essence absorbed by the spirit. In both senses, the atmosphere of France agreed with Stevenson. He sought health, from first to last, in many climes; but nowhere in Europe could he find it except in sunny France. In windy Scotland and in foggy England, he was condemned to linger for long periods in the Land of Counterpane; but in France he paddled a canoe and travelled with a donkey. He worked best when he was ill, but he played best when he was well; and Stevenson was most himself in play-time. Those who know how to play are rarer and more precious than those who know how to work; and to meet Stevenson at his best [if one could make the clock tick backward and eliminate uncounted yesterdays] one would choose to meet him at Fontainebleau or at Hyères. In these places he was well, and could lead a normal life; and there is nothing in the spirit of the man that could make one wish to meet him as an invalid. Concerning the state of Stevenson's health in France, the most valuable testimony is that of Mr. Will H. Low, who first met him in Paris in the spring of 1875. In that charming book, *A Chronicle of Friendships,* Mr. Low has said:—"At this time, and during the three years that followed, I was never conscious that he was more than a little less robust than most of us were. . . . At Barbizon he was among the foremost in our long walks over the plains or in the forest of Fontainebleau, and in the summers of 1876-77 at Grez, where he led a semi-amphibious life, on and in the river Loing, he never seemed ill, and as youth is not solicitous on questions of health, it never occurred to us that his slender frame encased a less robust constitution than that of others."

But, in a deeper sense, the atmosphere of France agreed with Stevenson. France is the most civilised of European countries. It is the mark of civilised people that they are able to understand you and to leave you alone; it is only the semi-civilised who endeavour to convert you to their way of thinking. Though Louis loved his native Edinburgh with a passionate, abiding love, he was never comfortable there after he had arrived at what may conveniently be called his years of indiscretion. To love Edinburgh is one thing—and any one must love at sight that queenliest of cities—but to love Edinburgh society is something very different. As soon as the traveller settles in Edinburgh, his landlady will endeavour to amend his manners and to reform his religion. The semi-civilised inhabitants of that superb and haunting

In the next paper of this series, Mr. Hamilton will trace the trail of Stevenson through Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and Spain. A record will be printed of an interview with Mr. Henry James on the subject of the Dutch scenes in "David Balfour." Stevenson's treatment of places, like Spain, which he had never seen, and other places, like the Brenner Pass, which he had seen but once, will be made the subject of critical analysis. An intimate account will be afforded of the comparatively little known publications of the "Davos Press."

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city can never understand you and will never leave you alone. The watchword of Edinburgh is Conformity. But Louis was that rare thing, an individual, —that is to say, a person capable of thinking his own thoughts, feeling his own feelings, and living his own life, without imitating those around him.

For an individual—as the type has been defined—the worst of all cities to grow up in is Edinburgh, and the best of all cities to grow up in is Paris. In Edinburgh, where everything is forbidden, the tendency of youths of genius is to burst their bars, and—to put the matter very frankly—to dash headlong to hell,—where, at least, the company shall be neither respectable nor hypocritical. But in Paris, where nothing is forbidden, youths of genius may freely test their wings, without beating them against prison-bars in desperation, and may learn, in their own God-given way, to think, to feel, to live.

When Louis was floundering through the stormy seas of adolescence, Edinburgh never understood him. This is the reason—once more to put the matter very frankly—why, for a time, he hovered very near to dashing headlong to hell. But in Paris, the city of the free, he recovered his moral sanity. Instead of a conspiracy of citizens solemnly and hypocritically chanting "Thou shalt not," he found a civilised society that permitted him to think out for himself the more profound, important problem of "Thou shalt."

France is the second home of all the artists of the world. She teaches them to do their work by leaving them alone. They may dress as they choose, think as they choose, talk as they choose, act as they choose,—provided only that they shall study to express, in their own way, the best that has been given them to say. In the atmosphere of France, Stevenson could breathe and spread his wings; and not the least of reasons why he became the finest artist in recent English letters is the fact that throughout the formative period of his twenties, he spent more time in France than in any other country.

He was ordered first to France to seek for bodily health; and, by a smiling and appropriate decree of destiny, it was there that he found that spiritual health of which he had stood more dangerously in need throughout the period of his more than usually stormy adolescence. In spirit he was a born Bohemian, in the best sense of the word:—that is to say, he preferred the real life of the regions of the imagination to the merely actual and unimaginative life of church-going, heavy-drinking Edinburgh. He loved adventure; but adventure—which may be defined as an impulsive straying from the beaten path of humdrum, every-day existence—was a thing that Edinburgh frowned upon. A youth of genius cannot grow up healthily in an atmosphere of continual nagging, any more than an able-minded child can grow up under the constant lashing of "Don't do that!" To find his way to light and life, Louis needed to be free. The freest country in the world is France.

Stevenson was very proud of his purely Scottish ancestry; but he cherished also the legend of "a French barber-surgeon" who "landed at St. Andrews to tend the health and the beard of Cardinal Beaton" and was vaguely reputed to have been one of his progenitors. Indeed, both in Louis and in his cousin Bob, there were traits of character that can be defined by no other adjective than Gallic. Bob Stevenson—as Mr. Edmund Gosse once told me, though I do not think that he has ever stated so in print —was the original of the young man with the cream-tarts; and that young man—though his absurd, intelligent adventure is conducted in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square—is more easily thought of as a Parisian than as a Londoner. Louis was Gallic in his nimbleness of gesture, his mobility of face, his enthusiastic eloquence of conversation, his gaiety of spirit, his lust for freedom and adventure. It is not surprising that the French language came to him by a sort of second nature. His French was

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copious and fluent. It was never nicely grammatical; but that was because he seized it as a living language to be spoken, not as a dead language to be learned from books. He could write well enough in French when the occasion called, as the reader may perceive in his letters to Rodin, and to Simoneau, the inn-keeper of Monterey; and he could always read the language with no sense that it was foreign. It is a characteristic, though an accidental, fact that the first of all his published letters—written to his mother at the age of thirteen—starts out boldly in incorrect but fluent French. In every way, Louis was disposed by nature to feel more at home in France than in England,—a country, as we have already noted, that was always foreign to him.

II

"The Rhone is the River of Angels," Stevenson once wrote to Mr. Low; "I have adored it since I was twelve and first saw it from the train." In the winter of 1862-63, the family had been ordered to the Riviera for reasons of health,—his mother's health this time, and not his own; and this journey gave the boy his first fleeting glimpse of France. The Stevensons were in Mentone for the first two months of 1863, and again from Christmas, 1863, to May, 1864. Meanwhile, in March, 1863, they made a tour of the principal cities of Italy.

The Italian journey made no impression on the mind of Stevenson,—a fact which goes to show that his faculty for observation was not yet awakened. Mentone, however, in which he remained for many months, he was able both to see and to remember. It was the first foreign place that ever interested him.

To Mentone he returned ten years later, when he was "ordered south" in November, 1873. On arriving, he wrote a letter to his mother, dated on his birthday, in which he minutely described the changes which had taken place in the town during the course of the preceding decade. This letter is of peculiar interest to students of his mental development. Such apparently unimportant sentences as this,—"The old chapel near Freeman's house at the entrance to the Gorbio valley is now entirely submerged under a shining new villa, with pavilion annexed,"—by revealing the exactness of his memory of places seen at thirteen and not revisited till twenty-three, prove that, immediately after the trip to Italy, he developed that acute instinct for topography which is everywhere observable in the works of his maturity.

The Riviera is the finest winter-resort in the world. Town after town along this stretch of coast is made up entirely of villas and hotels. The climate is semi-tropical and, from fall to spring, propitious; and the coast is of extraordinary beauty. The maritime Alps, sinking southerly into green and rolling hills, here plunge headlong into the wide blue water of the Mediterranean. Juts of cliffy headland, rounding into peninsulas or breaking off into islands, scallop the coast with harbours; and by these harbours are set villages of villas, where invalids and idlers from the north come to bask beneath a winter sun.

These towns, though differing in detail, are alike in all essential features. Each of them is a lazy, laughing, holiday casino of a place, careless, rich, and indolently lovely. Each has its promenade of palm-trees along the water-side; each, its boulevards for driving, its luring walks to hill-tops commanding wide vistas of the sea; each, its glittering hotels and aristocratic villas. These villas, for the most part, are set in tropic gardens. In colour, the houses are toned to harmonise with the prevailing atmosphere. Mild tints predominate,—rose and yellow, buff and skyey blue, amber and the green of budding leaves; and these gentle tones produce a visual melody which is scarcely rivalled elsewhere in the world.

Such a place is Mentone. It is not surprising that Stevenson returned there for that winter of 1873-74, when he was weakest in body and weakest in spirit. The place was well adapted to relieve

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the state of mind that Louis analysed so poignantly in the essay entitled *Ordered South,* which he wrote at Mentone during the period of his gradual recuperation. He did scarcely any other work there that was of any consequence; but he imbibed a love of the luxurious southland that was needed to complete a nature that had been cradled among the winds and winters of the north.

III

It was at Mentone, early in 1874, that Sir Sidney Colvin introduced the late Andrew Lang to Stevenson. I shall never forget the account of this first meeting with R.L.S. which Mr. Lang once gave me in his home in Kensington.

Now that Mr. Lang has left us [to go golfing on Elysian hills, one likes to think], it may no longer seem ill-mannered for a younger man, who was no less fond of him than those who knew him better, to record the curious manner of his conversation. Mr. Lang was singularly inarticulate in talk. His utterance was discontinuous and jerky, and enunciated with an amiable growl. His speech was like his handwriting; and anybody who ever received a letter from him will know what that means. A letter from Mr. Lang looked as if a fly had dipped its feet in ink and ambled aimlessly over the paper: when he invited you to luncheon, you had to hand the note to an expert in chirography to determine whether the appointment were for Tuesday or for Thursday. In speaking, he seemed less to talk than to bark and grumble; but you loved him for this, as you might love a noble-hearted St. Bernard. He did not talk in sentences, he growled in phrases. When another man would have said, "Will you have a cigarette?", Mr. Lang said, "Cigarettes —over there." Instead of asking you to be seated, he would grumble, "Chair," and wave his hand.

The reader is to use this as a sort of stage-direction in reading Mr. Lang's account of his first glimpse of Stevenson. I jotted it down from memory, in the London Underground, immediately after Mr. Lang had told it to me.—

"Mentone. Promenade. Saw him coming. Didn't like him. Long cape. Long hair. Queer hat. Damned queer. Hands: white, bony, beautiful. Didn't like the cape. Didn't like the hair. Looked like a damned æsthete. Never liked æsthetes. Can't stand them. Talked well. Saw that. Still seemed another æsthete Colvin had discovered. Didn't like him. Didn't like him at all. . . . Later—oh, yes—but I needn't tell you that. Didn't like him at first. Took time."

But really to read this stenographic record, the reader must imagine something more,—the great heart and deep humanity of Mr. Lang, the sense he always gave you of saying little because there was so much to say, the curious fascination of the pauses in his grumbling utterance, and the indefinable something that made you count the hours until you might be privileged to talk with him again.

The most wholesome thing about this anecdote is that it punctures the illusion that everybody liked Louis Stevenson at sight,—an illusion which has been fostered by all of his biographers. Mr. Lang "didn't like him at all" at Mentone; and Mr. Lang was one of those who loved him best in later years. Any student who has carefully picked up the trail of Stevenson must have met many other people whose first impression of him was unfavourable. The truth of the matter seems to be this:—Louis was so emphatically individual, so distinctly different from the ordinary run of people, that nobody who met him for the first time could dismiss him with indifference. It was necessary at once to like him or dislike him. But, charming as he was to those who recognised and knew him, he was by no means charming to everybody. The long hair, the black shirt, the velveteen jacket, the flowing cape, dissuaded many men [and one can hardly blame them] from seeing at once how real he was.

And, now that we are glancing for

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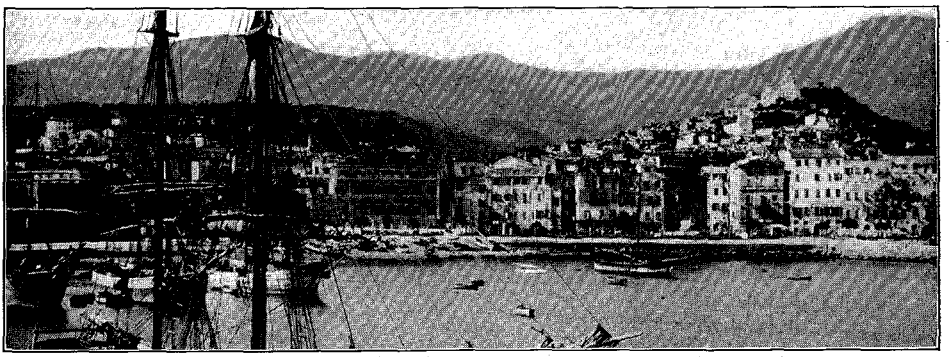
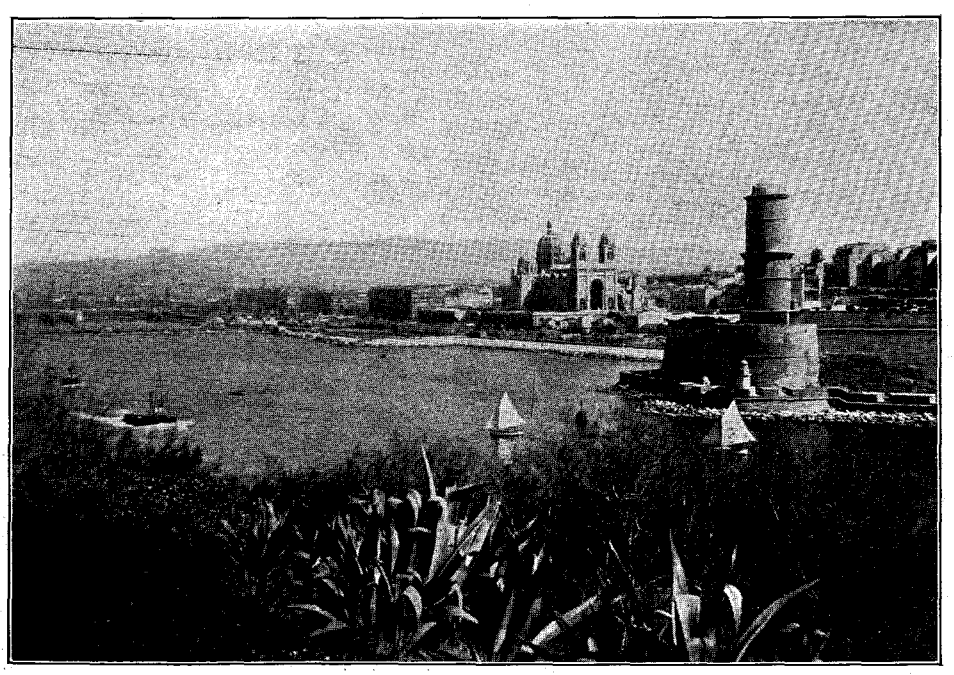


MENTONE. WHERE STEVENSON AND ANDREW LANG FIRST MET

the moment at the legendary Stevenson, another illusion may as well be punctured. This is the illusion that he understood children, and that children loved him at sight. As a matter of fact, Louis belonged to the considerable and not unworthy class of men who always feel uncomfortable in the presence of children who are very young. He didn't know what to do with them. He could write immortal poems in reminiscence of his own childhood; but he couldn't make a baby smile. Small children didn't like him; because he seemed queer.

The facts distilled into the foregoing paragraph were told to me by Mr. Edmund Gosse. As the father of three children who were in their infancy during the years when Stevenson was most frequently a visitor to his house, Mr. Gosse must be regarded as an authority on the subject of Stevenson's relations with the very young. On the other hand, I must hasten to add that both Mr.



MARSEILLES. ALWAYS DEAR TO STEVENSON'S HEART

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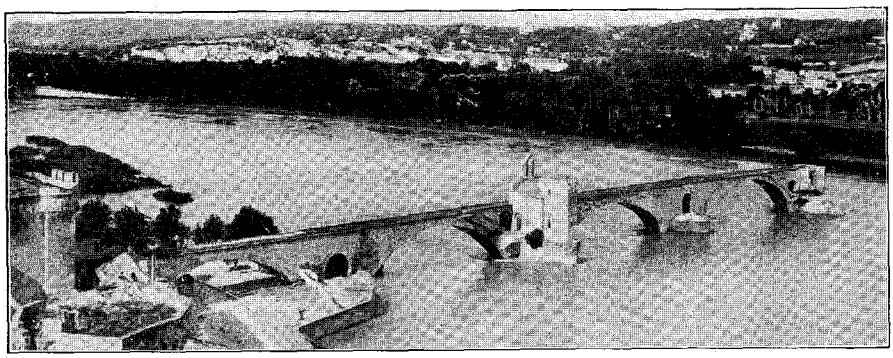

AVIGNON. "THE IMMOVABLE INKY SHADOW OF THE OLD BRIDGE ON THE FLEETING SURFACE OF THE YELLOW RIVER SEEMED MORE SOLID THAN THE BRIDGE ITSELF

Lloyd Osbourne and Mr. Austin Strong have assured me that Louis was the best of all playmates for boys in their teens. The truth of the matter seems to be this:—boys he understood, but young children nearly always set him out of countenance.

IV

During the course of his second journey to Mentone, when Louis was "ordered south" in the autumn of 1873, he paused at Avignon; and this fact—for those who love him—increases the attraction of this famous town for travellers to-day. The very name of Avignon is like a chiming of sweet bells upon the ear; and the mediæval city of the Popes is worthy of her name.

From Avignon, Louis wrote to Mrs. Sitwell—the guardian angel of his growing years—"I have just read your letter upon the top of the hill beside the church and the castle. The whole air was filled with sunset and the sound of bells; and I wish I could give you the least notion of the *southernness* and *Provençality* of all that I saw. . . . I went away across the Rhone and up the hill on the other side that I might see the town from a distance. Avignon followed me with its bells and drums and bugles; for the old city has no equal for multitude of such noises. Crossing the bridge and seeing the brown turbid water foam and eddy about the piers, one could scarce believe one's eyes when one looked down upon the stream and saw the smooth blue mirroring tree and hill. . . . You cannot picture to yourself anything more steeped in hard bright sunshine than the view from the hill. The immovable inky shadow of the old bridge on the fleeting surface of the yellow river seemed more solid than the bridge itself. . . . I turned back as I went away; the white Christ stood out in strong relief on His brown cross against the blue sky, and the four kneeling angels and lanterns grouped themselves about the foot with a symmetry that was almost laughable."

This letter may seem of little interest to the majority of readers; but it will mean much to that elected few who have been to Avignon, and have lingered, like Louis, on the summit of the Rocher des Doms, to watch the sunset tinge with glory that broken bridge, whereon, to strains of music that are unforgettable, "l'on y danse, tout en rond."

Nearly nineteen years later, when Stevenson was living in Samoa, he began a novel, called *The Young Chevalier,* of which the scenes were set in Avignon. He wrote only a chapter and a half of this projected work; but the first chapter is sufficient to dispel the strange illusion that Louis knew nothing about women. The truth of this particular matter may be stated in a single sentence:—he knew so much about women that he was afraid, until he was over forty, to let himself go upon the subject. But, from the point of view of the traveller on the trail

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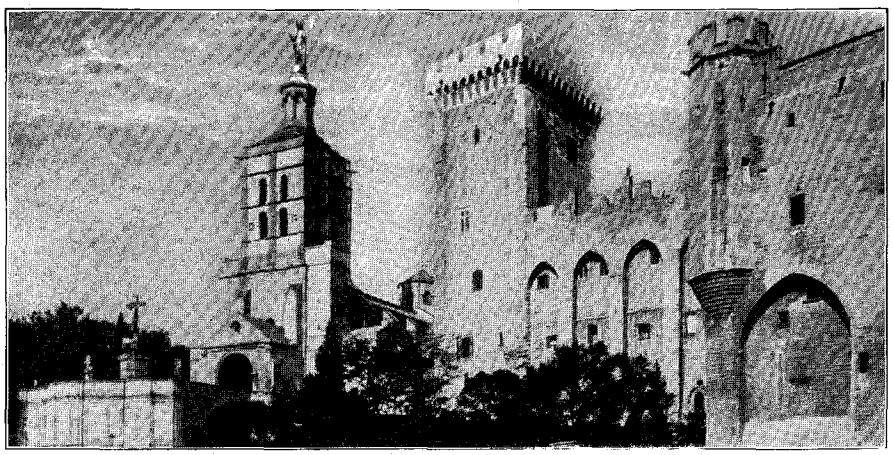

AVIGNON. "THE WHITE CHRIST ON HIS BROWN CROSS"

of Stevenson, the chief interest of the fragment of *The Young Chevalier* is the evidence it gives of how strong a hold a town like Avignon could take upon the memory of such an artist. He had not visited the place for nearly twenty years when he began to write this story; yet he saw it still as clearly as if he had only gone "across the Rhone and up the hill on the other side that he might see the town from a distance." Any place which had, at any time, impressed him he could always recall with ease. He forgot details; but details are of no importance to the artist. He remembered the essence and the sting.

V

It was on his return from Mentone in April, 1874, that Louis met his cousin, Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson, in Paris, and really saw the city for the first time. Bob was a painter; and Louis was introduced at once to that Paris of the painters which is—for youth, at least—the best of all the Paris's there are.

This Paris, which Louis learned to know and love, was not the Paris of the great boulevards, laid out [appropriately enough] by a baron whose un-Gallic name was Haussmann; but the real Paris,—the Paris of the *rive gauche,* the Paris of freedom and adventure, the Paris where [in the immortal phrase of Dante] a youth may learn to "make himself eternal."

For many years thereafter, Stevenson became a frequently recurrent visitor to the *Quartier Latin.* This Paris [the best of all, as has been said] he knew much better and loved much more than any phase of London. He could wear his queer clothes, and think his queer thoughts, and feel his queer feelings, and pursue his queer business of learning how to write; and the fellows he encountered every day could understand him, and knew enough to leave him alone.

His reminiscence of these apprentice years in Paris [his *lehrjahre,* to use Goethe's word] is chronicled in the early chapters of *The Wrecker,* wherein we may read of his enthusiasm for the Boul' Miche', and Roussillon wine, and the Luxembourg Gardens, and the Observatory, and Lavenue's, and the Rue de Rennes, and the shadowy Hôtel de Cluny. Mr. Will H. Low, to whom this book was dedicated, has informed us that nearly all the incidents recorded in those scenes which are localised in the Latin Quarter were recalled from actual occurrences in Stevenson's Parisian days.

His knowledge of the Paris of the painters was also utilised in the second story of the *New Arabian Nights,*

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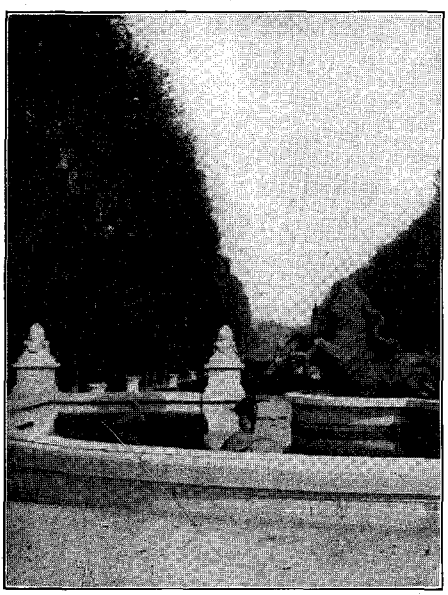


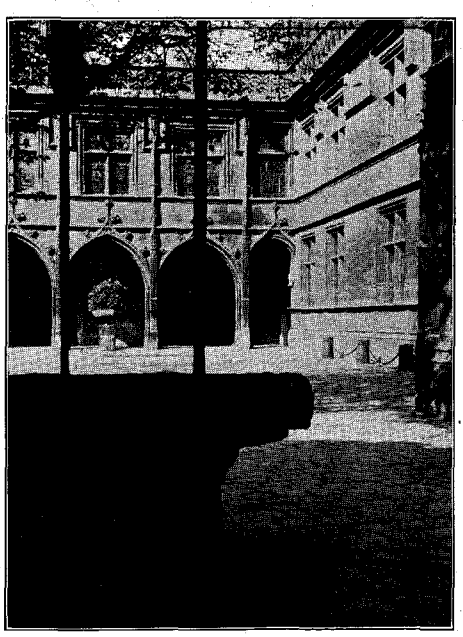
PARIS. THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS. IT WAS THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE, AND NOT THE RIGHT, THAT STEVENSON KNEW BEST

wherein the inadvertent Silas Q. Scuddamore undergoes a series of hectic and troublesome adventures at the Bal Bullier. This dance-hall of the students of the Latin Quarter is described more clearly than any of the localities of London that are recorded in the same series of fantastic narratives.

The opening of *The Story of A Lie* —which Stevenson wrote in the second cabin of the *SS. Devonia* during the course of his first pilgrimage to America —is also set in modern Paris. Concerning this comparatively unnoted novellette, an interesting anecdote was once told to me by Mrs. Salisbury Field [formerly Mrs. Isobel Strong]—the stepdaughter of R.L.S., and his amanuensis at Vailima. She told me that Stevenson had drawn the character of the disreputable "Admiral" from actual life; that he had invented a daughter for him for the purpose of the tale; that, several years later, he had discovered that the original of the despicable "Admiral" actually had a daughter, who was still living in the world; that, thereafter, Louis had lived in constant trembling lest this totally unknown young woman should read the book and recognise the portrait of her father; and that he had made a vow, in consequence, that he would never again permit himself to draw a tale from fact or make use of actual people in his fiction.

But Stevenson was not merely at home in contemporary Paris; he was equally at home—in an imaginative sense—in the Paris of the Middle Ages. Any reader of his literary essays must remember that he was a great lover of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas *père,* a great student of François Villon and Charles of Orléans. His immediate knowledge of the Latin Quarter—the oldest quarter in Paris, by the way—supplemented by his reading of the writers of the past, and those other writers whose chief charm was their ability to recall and to revive the past, afforded him the material he needed for his tales of mediæval France.

Stevenson's interest in the history of Paris would be scarcely worth recording were it not for the fact [which has been already noted] that he never showed the



PARIS. THE MUSÉE DE CLUNY, ONE OF R.L.S.'S FAVOURITE HAUNTS

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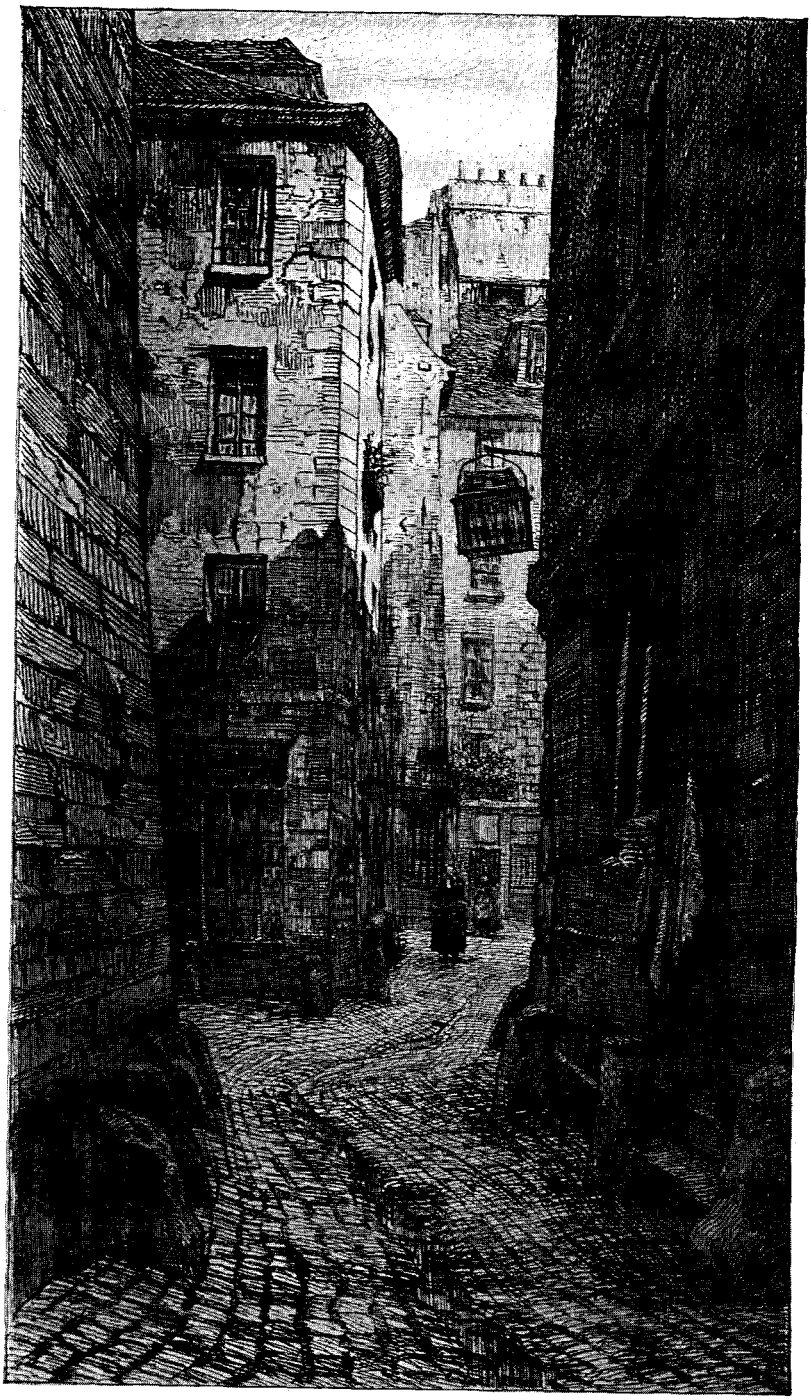

THE MEDIÆVAL PARIS OF "A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT"

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THE BRIDGE AT GREZ

slightest interest in the history of London. His London—so to speak—is devoid of any past; but his Paris stretches backward through the centuries. The first story that he ever published was a tale of mediæval Paris, *A Lodging for the Night*. In origin, it was an offshoot from two of the critical papers which were later collected in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*,—the essay on *Victor Hugo's Romances* and the essay on *François Villon*. In this great story, Stevenson looked at Villon through the eyes of Victor Hugo. The tale is utterly original in style. A Paris of the past is recreated by a master hand. But *A Lodging for the Night*—despite its manifest, peculiar merits—may be regarded as the sort of story Hugo would have written if he, too, had made a thorough study of the life and work of the greatest vandal among poets, the greatest poet among vandals.

Stevenson's second story, *The Sire de Malétroit's Door*, is also set in mediæval France. It is the sort of tale that old Dumas might have told if he had ever had sufficient leisure to develop the finished style of R.L.S. The story happens in a nameless town. We are informed that the hero, Denis de Beaulieu, is a resident of Bourges; and the scene of the tale may be imagined as a lesser Bourges, more dark and little and intimate and thrilling. There are glimpses of Gothic architecture in this story that show us that Stevenson had used his eyes to better advantage in France than he ever used them in England. In France, where his eyes were open, he could see the past; in England, where his eyes were shut, he could scarcely see the present.

VI

It was in April, 1875, that Bob Stevenson, who, being a painter, was already "a consistent Barbizonian," first introduced his cousin Louis to the delights of living on the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau. They made their headquarters at Siron's, in Barbizon, where they were known as "Stennis *aîné*" and "Stennis *frère*." Under these names, they step bodily into the pages of *The Wrecker*. The cousins play but minor parts in the tangled narrative of this amorphous work of fiction; but the little that we see of them is drawn directly from life.

In company with Sir Walter Simpson, Stevenson returned to Siron's in July of the same year. This time he remained for several weeks, devoting his ample leisure to the study of Charles of Orléans and François Villon, and to the practice of the old French verse-forms,—in one of which, the *rondel*, he attained a notable proficiency. From 1875 until he decamped to California on his great adventure, four years later, Louis never let a year go by without lingering for several weeks at Barbizon. Indeed, throughout this period, it would not be incorrect to consider as his home, or permanent address, the Forest of Fontainebleau.

He was a great walker in these days, and explored not only the forest itself, but all the towns of the adjacent countryside. He knew not only Barbizon, but Marlotte, Montigny, and Chailly-en-Bière, Cernay la Ville, Bourron, Moret, Nemours, and Grez. The traveller who visits any of these entrancing little towns will find himself walking in the footsteps of R.L.S. It is no longer necessary to describe them: they have been described for all time in the two essays in which Louis has recounted his memories of this district,—the paper entitled *Fontainebleau* and the paper entitled *Forest Notes*.

These towns, also, are made much of in those other works of Stevenson's which are less frankly personal. The

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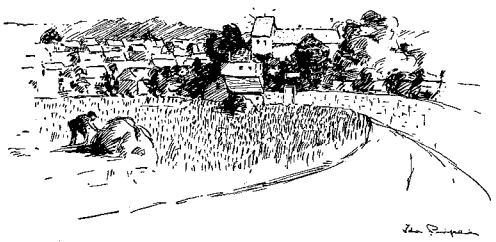

THE CHURCH AT GREZ

Envoy to *Underwoods,* for instance, which wishes to all

> A house with lawns enclosing it,
> A living river by the door,
> A nightingale in the sycamore,

was inspired by the hospitable aspect of Mr. Will H. Low's little garden at Montigny-sur-Loing. The gaiest of Stevenson's stories, *Providence and the Guitar,* dances about the outskirts of the enchanted forest; and the most richly humourous of all his works of fiction, *The Treasure of Franchard,* leads us to the famous gorge that is hidden in the very heart of that habitable wilderness of trees.

Both of these novellettes, of course, were written elsewhere; but their nimbleness of spirit affords us a reliable index to Stevenson's state of mind in the brave days when he was twenty-five. His step-daughter has told me that, years later, in Samoa, he summed up his works of fiction in this phrase:—"Others touch the heart: I clutch at the throat." Indeed, there is discernible in nearly all his novels a certain ecstasy of grimness. "How about *Providence and the Guitar?",* his amanuensis asked him. "True," he answered, "I was young once; and the world seemed gay."

Next to Barbizon, where one could feel so free and happy at Siron's, Stevenson's favourite haunt in the entire district of Fontainebleau was Grez. He wrote to his mother, in the summer of 1875,—"I have been three days at a place called Grez, a pretty and very melancholy village on the plain. A low bridge, with many arches choked with sedge; green fields of white and yellow water-lilies; poplars and willows innumerable; and about it all such an atmosphere of sadness and slackness, one could do nothing but get into the boat and out of it again, and yawn for bedtime." But later, in the essay entitled *Fontainebleau,* he wrote, in an antithetic mood,—"But Grez is a merry place after its kind: pretty to see, merry to inhabit. The course of its pellucid river, whether up or down, is full of attractions for the navigator; the mirrored and inverted images of trees; lilies, and mills, and the foam and thunder of weirs. And of all noble sweeps of roadway, none is nobler, on a windy dusk, than the highroad to Nemours between its lines of talking poplar."

Grez is notable, in Stevenson's work, as the home of Doctor Desprez in *The Treasure of Franchard;* but it is even more notable, in his life, as the place where, in the summer of 1876, he met the woman who was destined to become his wife. At the time of their meeting, Louis was only twenty-five and Mrs. Osbourne was thirty-seven. Despite this disparity in their ages, their affinity was instant, and their union was immediate and complete. Now that Mrs. Stevenson has passed away, it seems no longer necessary to suppress these simple facts, which explain the otherwise inexplicable opposition which was made, at the time, by intimate friends like Sir Sidney Colvin and Mr. Edmund Gosse to Stevenson's entanglement with a married wo-

BOURRON

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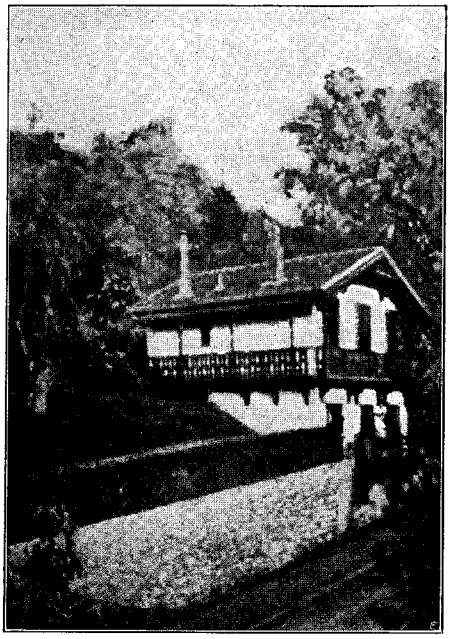
man so much older than himself. Years later, Louis wrote, "As I look back, I think my marriage was the best move I ever made in my life"; and all his friends, when they came to know Fanny Stevenson, agreed with him. What seemed at



"LA SOLITUDE" AT HYÈRES, WHERE THE STEVENSONS LIVED FROM MARCH, 1883, TILL JULY, 1884

the time to be the last, most tragic folly of his adolescence turned out in the end to be the making of the man.

VII

There is another aspect of Stevenson's apprenticeship at Fontainebleau which has never been sufficiently emphasised. He was living in a community of painters, not of writers. Thereby he became confirmed in the opinion that art should be regarded as a handicraft. Painters work with their hands; and this is a fact that helps to keep them sane. Too many young writers merely dream about the things they mean to do, until they dream that they have done them; and thereafter waste invaluable afternoons talking vaguely to admiring females, of both sexes, about their "mission" and their "message." A painter's "mission" is to paint; his "message" is to cover canvas: and he hasn't any time to talk about himself before the sun goes down. A painter has to be a workman; and he has to learn that art is something to toil for and not to dream about.

Stevenson was never one of those who hold the heresy that great writing will arise from "inspiration," and that any man, upon the impulse of the moment, will be able to say a thing well, provided only that he shall have something to say. He knew that the craft of writing must be learned by practice, like the craft of painting. Nobody can play the violin unless he has learned to do so,—not even if the man were Keats; and nobody can write unless he has written —and written, for the most part, badly —for a score of years. Literary style does not arise spontaneously from getting excited or getting inspired or getting drunk; it arises from twenty years of unexcited, uninspired, unintoxicated study of rhythm and of literation. A man must learn to make a table or a shoe; a man must also learn to make a story or a poem or a play; and "genius" is merely a label for the aptitude to learn.

Louis, in his letters, speaks often of his "trade," his "craft," his "business," his "job"; he never speaks of his "genius" or his "inspiration," and he seldom speaks of his "art." He avoids, by wholesome instinct, those words which grease the lips of sentimental rhapsodists, but which would have excited ribald, roaring laughter from the painters who congregated at Siron's. It is the mark of a good workman that he is not ashamed of work. If he brandishes the brush or plies the pen, he knows what he has done and why he did it; he never pretends that some angel from otherwhere took the implement out of his hand and did he knows not what.

It is because Stevenson learned at Fontainebleau to accept the attitude of the workman toward his work that his essay

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On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature is the only utterance upon this subject that is of any service to the student of the craftsmanship of writing. While other men have talked vaguely about style as a matter of genius or of inspiration, Louis talks about it soundly as a business of setting words together,—a craft that may be taught by those who know, a craft that may be learned by those who are willing to work. "Lilies, and mills, and the foam and thunder of weirs,"—a man must have learned something about letters before he can write a phrase like that, even though, at the moment, he be excited about Grez, and be writing, at the moment, to his mother. And at Barbizon, where painters toiled all day to make little, negligible things called "studies," Louis imbibed the proper respect of a craftsman for his craft.

VIII

The first two books that Stevenson published deal with journeyings in France. *An Inland Voyage* is the record of a canoe trip on the rivers and canals between Antwerp and Pontoise that was undertaken in the summer of 1876 in company with Sir Walter Simpson, who appears as the "Cigarette" of the narrative; and *Travels with a Donkey* is the record of a tramp through the Cévennes undertaken in the autumn of 1878 in company with no one else than the immortal Modestine. It would be impertinent to append any details to Stevenson's own descriptions of the places visited; but something may be said, in general, about his methods of observation on journeys such as these.

In the first place, it should be noted that Stevenson loved travel for the sake of travel. He enjoyed the sense of moving on, quite irrespective of the goal he might be moving toward. In practice, as in preaching, he approved the maxim that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." He liked to travel in France as he liked to travel in no other country; but, because of this fact and not in spite of it, he never visited Rouen or Amiens or Rheims or Carcassonne,—those "show-places" of the tourist that lay, at one time or another, only a little distant from his path. Even in the towns he visited, he frequently neglected to see the buildings that are starred in Baedecker, because he was so busy enjoying the casual adventures of the by-ways.

When Louis took a trip in search of "copy," the one thing he was careful to observe was himself. His method of description is entirely subjective. He does not so much describe Noyon or Compiègne as record what happened to the impressionable temperament of R.L.S. in the one place and the other. To go deliberately to Rheims for the purpose of describing what, in his departed century, was the most exquisite efflorescence of mediæval architecture would have required objectivity of observation; he preferred to record his own emotions in an inconsiderable city like Maubeuge. In other words, he travelled not so much to see this place or that, as merely to transfer himself from one place to another and to feel his mental pulse in passing.

Even in the Cévennes, he made his book out of himself instead of out of the country that a less inspired traveller would have explored more thoroughly. In the twelve days of his transit, he followed merely the most convenient roads, and missed without regret many of the details of the district that are most noted for their beauty. He could make a Rembrandt picture out of the shining of his midnight cigarette upon his silver ring; and a writer who can do that does not need to delve for inspiration into the gorges of the Tarn.

Before setting out on his tramping trip with the uncomplaining Modestine, Stevenson spent a month at Le Monastier,—during which, according to his custom of describing places at a distance, he wrote the major part of his little book on *Edinburgh*. This sojourn at Le Monastier is commemorated in the unfinished essay, entitled *A Mountain Town in France,* which, originally pro-

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jected as a prologue to *Travels With a Donkey,* was never published till after his death. When this paper first appeared, in the winter number of *The Studio* for 1896, it was accompanied by several sketches which Stevenson had made of the town itself and the surrounding country. These pencil-drawings, though obviously the work of one who was little practised in the graphic art, have been praised by no less an authority than Mr. Joseph Pennell for their accuracy of observation and their essential truth to nature.

IX

In the autumn of 1882, after Stevenson was married, he sought a settled residence in the south of France. In September he visited Montpellier, in company with his cousin Bob. In October he was met at Marseilles by his wife; and the couple installed themselves in a house and garden called the "Campagne Defli," in the suburb of St. Marcel, seated within sight of that storied harbour in which the Chateau d'If of Monte Cristo seems to float at anchor. But, after two months, an outbreak of fever drove the Stevensons to Nice; whence, in February, 1883, they proceeded to Hyères.

After a brief residence at the Hôtel des Isles d'Or, they installed themselves in a chalet at Hyères, which was called "La Solitude." Here they lived from March, 1883, to July, 1884; but an epidemic of cholera which broke out in the summer of 1884 drove the Stevensons to seek another residence and resulted in their exodus to Bournemouth.

Comparatively little has been written of the period of Stevenson's residence at Hyères; but this period is often mentioned in his later letters as the happiest of his life. "I was only happy once; that was at Hyères," he wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin from Vailima; and the name of the place rings out with a sudden, unexpected poignancy. It was of the chalet "La Solitude" that he wrote, in the seventh poem of *Underwoods,*—

> Friend, in my mountain-side demesne,
> My plain-beholding, rosy, green,
> And linnet-haunted garden-ground,
> Let still the esculents abound:—

and he rarely wrote poems except when he was personally moved. From "La Solitude" he wrote to Mr. Low, in October, 1883,—"I live in a most sweet corner of the universe, sea and fine hills before me, and a rich variegated plain; and at my back a craggy hill, loaded with vast feudal ruins. I am very quiet; a person passing by my door half startles me; but I enjoy the most aromatic airs, and at night the most wonderful view into a moonlit garden. By day this garden fades into nothing, overpowered by its surroundings and the luminous distance; but at night and when the moon is out, that garden, the arbour, the flight of stairs that mount the artificial hillock, the plumed blue gum-trees that hang trembling, become the very skirts of Paradise. Angels, I know, frequent it; and it thrills all night with the flutes of silence."

Louis did comparatively little writing at Hyères. He was well and happy at "La Solitude"; and the fact has been already noted that he worked most and worked best when he was ill and kept in bed. He finished *Prince Otto* and *The Silverado Squatters,* he toiled at *The Black Arrow,* and he wrote many of the poems that were subsequently gathered into the *Child's Garden of Verses.* But though his formal labours at this period were comparatively insignificant, his casual and unpremeditated letters were the brightest and best of his career. He was thoroughly alive at this time; and his essential *liveliness* is nowhere else so well expressed as in his correspondence.

X

It was in August, 1886, that Stevenson made his last pilgrimage to France. He proceeded to Paris, with Mrs. Stevenson and Henley, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Low, who were established at that time in the Rue Vernier. Henley introduced him to Rodin; and his

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final memory of the mother-country of the arts was his memory of the Michel-Angelo of modern times.

When Louis returned to London in October of that year, he little realised that he had left for the last time the freest and most hospitable country he had ever known. Otherwise, we may be sure that, in the heart of so loyal a Scot, there would have sounded some echo of that song which the poet has ascribed to Mary Stuart,—

O, ma patrie,
La plus chérie,
Adieu, plaisant pays de France!

CLUBWOMEN'S READING

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

I—The Malady

Later papers in this series will be "A Diagnosis" and "The Remedy"

A well-dressed woman entered the Art Department of a large public library. "Have you any material on the Medici?" she asked the custodian. "Yes; just what kind of material do you want?" "Stop a minute," cried the woman, extending a detaining hand; "before you get me anything, just tell me what they are!" Librarians are trained not to laugh. No one could have detected the ghost of a smile on this one's face as she lifted the "M" volume of a cyclopedia from a shelf and placed it on the table before the seeker after knowledge. "There; that will tell you," she said, and returned to her work.

Not long afterward she was summoned by a beckoning finger. "I can't tell from this book," said the perplexed student, "whether the Medici were a family or a race of people." The Art Librarian tried to untie this knot, but it was not long before another presented itself. "This book doesn't explain," said the troubled investigator, "whether the Medici were Florentines or Italians." Still without a quiver, the art assistant emitted the required drop of information. "Shan't I get you something more now?" she asked. "Oh, no; this will be quite sufficient," and taking out pencil and paper the inquirer began to write rapidly with the cyclopedia propped before her. Presently, when the Art Librarian looked up, her guest had disappeared. But she was on hand the next morning. "May I see that book again?" she asked sweetly. "There are some words here in my copy that I can't quite make out."

On another occasion a reader, of the same sex, wandered into the reading-room and began to gaze about her with that peculiar sort of perplexed aimlessness that librarians have come to recognise instinctively as an index to the wearer's state of mind. "Have you anything on American travels?" she asked.

"Do you mean travels in America, or travels by Americans in foreign countries?"

"Well; I don't know—exactly."

"Do you want books like Dickens's *American Notes,* that give a foreigner's impression of this country?"

"Ye-es—possibly."

"Or books like Hawthorne's *Note Book,* telling how a foreign country appears to an American?"

"We-ell; perhaps."

"Are you following a programme of reading?"

"Yes."

"May I see it? That may give me a clue."

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"I haven't a copy here."

"Can you give me the name of the person or committee who made it?"

"Oh, I *made* it *myself*."

This was a "facer"; the librarian seemed to have brought up against a stone wall, but she waited, knowing that a situation, unlike a knot, will sometimes untie itself.

The seeker after knowledge also waited for a time. Then she broke out animatedly:

"Why, I just wanted American travels, don't you know? Funny little stories and things about the sort of Americans that go abroad with a bird-cage!"

Just what books were given to her I do not know; but in due time her interesting paper before the Olla Podrida Club was properly noticed in the local papers.

In another case a perplexed clubwoman came to a library for aid in making a programme of reading. "Have you some ideas about the subject you want to take up?" asked the reference assistant.

"Well, we had thought of England, or perhaps Scotland; and some of us would like the Elizabethan Period."

The assistant, after some faithful work, produced a list of books and articles on each of these somewhat comprehensive subjects and sent them to the reader for selection. "Which did you finally take?" she asked when the inquirer next visited the library.

"Oh, they were so good, we decided to use all of them this year!"

The writer is no pessimist. These stories which are as true, word for word, as any tales not taken down by a stenographer (and far more so than some that are) seemed to throw the persons who told them into a sort of dumb despair, but I hastened to reassure them. I pointed out that the inquirers after knowledge had, beyond all doubt, obtained some modicum of what they wanted. If the lady in the first tale, for instance, had mistakenly supposed that the Medici were a new kind of dance or something to eat, she had surely been disabused. And her cyclopedia article was probably as well written as most of its kind, so that a literal transcript of it could have done no harm either to the copyist or to her clubmates. And the paper on "American Travels," and the combined lists on England, Scotland and the Elizabethan Period; did not those who laboured on them, or with them, acquire information in the process? Most assuredly!

Still, I must confess that, in advancing these arguments, I feel somewhat like an *advocatus diaboli*. It is all very well to treat the puzzled clubwoman as a joke. When a man slips on a banana-peel and goes down, we may laugh at his plight; but suppose the whole crowd of passers-by began to pitch and slide and tumble! Should we not think that some horrible epidemic had laid its hand on us? The ladies with their Medici and their Travels are not isolated instances. Ask the librarians; they know, but in countless instances they do not tell, for fear of casting ridicule upon the hundreds of intelligent clubwomen whom they are proud to help. In many libraries there is a standing rule against repeating or discussing the errors and slips of the public, especially to the ever-hungry reporter. I break this rule here with equanimity, and even with a certain degree of hope, for my object is to awaken my readers to the knowledge that part of the reading public is suffering from a malady of some kind. Later I may try my hand at diagnosis and even at therapeutics. And I am taking as an illustration chiefly the reading done by women's clubs, not because men do not do reading of the same kind, or because it is not done by individuals as well as by groups; but because, just at the present time, women in general, and clubwomen in particular, seem especially likely to be attacked by the disease. It must be remembered also that I am writing from the standpoint of the public library, and I here make humble acknowledgment of the fact that many things in the educational field, both good and bad,

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go on quite outside of that institution and beyond its ken.

The intellectual bonds between the library and the woman's club have always been close. Many libraries are the children of such clubs; many clubs have been formed in and by libraries. If any mistakes are being made in the general policies and programmes of club reading, the librarian would naturally be the first to know it, and he ought to speak out. He does know it, and his knowledge should become public property at once. But, I repeat, although the trouble is conspicuous in connection with the reading of women's clubs, it is far more general and deeply rooted than this.

The malady's chief symptom, which is well known to all librarians, is a lack of correspondence between certain readers and the books that they choose. Reading, like conversation, is the meeting of two minds. If there is no contact, the process fails. If the cogs on the gear-wheels do not interact, the machine can not work. If the reader of a book on algebra does not understand arithmetic; if he tackles a philosophical essay on the representative function without knowing what the phrase means; if he tries to read a French book without knowing the language, his mind is not fitted for contact with that of the writer, and the mental machinery will not move.

In the early days of the Open Shelf, before librarians had realised the necessity of copious assignments to "floor duty," and before there were children's librarians, I saw in a branch library a small child staggering under the weight of a volume of Schaff's *History of the Christian Church,* which he had taken from the shelves and was presenting at the desk to be charged. "You are not going to read that, are you?" said the desk assistant.

"It isn't for me; it's for me big brudder."

"What did your big brother ask you to get?"

"Oh, a Physiology!"

Nowadays, our well-organised children's rooms make such an occurrence doubtful with the little ones, but apparently there is much of it with adults.

Too much of our reading—I should rather say our attempts at reading—is of this character. Such attempts are the result of a tendency to regard the printed page as a fetich—to think that if one knows his alphabet and can call the printed words one after another as his eye runs along the line, some unexplained good will result, or at least that he has performed a praiseworthy act, has "accumulated merit" somehow or somewhere, like a Thibetan with his prayer-wheel.

It is probably a fact that if a man should meet you in the street and say, "In beatific repentance lies jejune responsibility," you would stare at him and pass him by, or perhaps flee from him as from a lunatic; whereas if you saw these words printed in a book you might gravely study them to ascertain their meaning, or still worse, might succeed in reading your own meaning into them. The words I have strung together happen to have no meaning, but the result would be the same if they meant something that was hidden from the reader by his inability to understand them, no matter what the cause of that inability might be.

This malady is doubtless spontaneous in some degree, and dependent on failings of the human mind that we need not discuss here, but there are signs that it is being fostered, spread, and made more acute by special influences. Probably our educational methods are not altogether blameless. The boy who trustfully approached a Reference Librarian and said, "I have to write a composition on what I saw between home and school; have you got a book about that?" had doubtless been taught that he must look in a book for everything. The conscientious teacher who was now trying to separate him from this notion may have been the very one who, perhaps unconsciously, had instilled it; if so, her fault had thus returned to plague her.

The boy or girl who comes to attach a sacredness or a wizardry to the book in itself will naturally believe, after a

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little, that whether he understands what is in it matters little—and this is the malady of which we have been complaining.

A college teacher of the differential calculus, in a time now happily long past, when a pupil timidly inquired the reason for this or that, was wont to fix the interrogator with his eye and say, "Sir; it is so because the book says so!" Even in more recent days a well-known university teacher, accustomed to use his own text-book, used to say when a student had ventured to vary its classic phraseology, "It can not be expressed better than in the words of the book!" These instances, of course, are taken from the dark ages of education, but even to-day I believe that a false idea of the value of a printed page merely as print—not as the record of a mind, ready to make contact with the mind of a reader—has impressed itself too deeply on the brains of many children at an age when such impressions are apt to be durable. Not that the schools are especially at fault; we have all played our part in this unfortunate business. It might all fade, at length; we all know that many good teachings of our childhood do vanish; why should not the bad ones occasionally follow suit?

But now come in all the well-meaning instructors of the adult—the Chautauquans, the educational extensionists, the lecturers, the correspondence schools, the advisers of reading, the makers of book-lists, the devisers of "courses." They deepen the fleeting impression and increase its capacity for harm, while varying slightly the mechanism that produced it. As the child grows into a man, his childish idea that a book will produce a certain effect independently of what it contains is apt to yield a little to reason. The new influences, some of which I have named above, do not attempt directly to combat this dawning intelligence; they utilise it to complete the mental discomfiture of their victims. They admit the necessity of comprehending the contents of the book, but they persuade the reader that such comprehension is easier than it really is. And they often administer specially concocted tabloids that convince one that he knows more than he really does. Thus the unsuspecting adult goes on reading what he does not understand, not now thinking that it does not matter, but falsely persuaded that he has become competent to understand.

Every one of the agencies that I have named aims to do good educational work; every one is competent to do such work; nearly every one does much of it. I am finding fault with them only so far as they succeed in persuading readers that they are better educated than they really are. In this respect such agencies are precisely on a par with the proprietary medicine that is an excellent laxative or sudorific, but is offered also as a cure for tuberculosis or cancer.

I once heard the honoured head of a famous body that does an enormous amout of work of this sort deliver an *apologia,* deserving of all attention, in which he complained that his institution had been falsely accused of superficiality. It was, he said, perfectly honest in what it taught. If its pupils thought that the elementary knowledge they were gaining was comprehensive and thorough, that was their fault—not his. And yet, at that moment, the institution was posing before its pupils as a "university" and using the forms and nomenclature of such a body to strengthen the idea in their minds. We cannot acquit it, or any of the agencies like it, of complicity in the causation of the malady whose symptoms we are discussing.

It is not the fault of the women's clubs that they have fallen into line in such an imposing procession as this. Their formation and work constitute one of the most interesting and important manifestations of the present feminist movement. Their rôle in it is partly social, partly educational; and as they consist of adults, elementary education is of course excluded from their programme. We therefore find them committed, perhaps unconsciously, to the plan of required or recommended reading, in a form that has

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long been the bane of our educational systems both in school and out.

One of the corner-stones of this system is the idea that the acquisition of information is valuable in itself, no matter what may be the relationship between it and the acquiring mind, or what use of it may be made in the future. According to this idea, if a woman can once get it into her head that the Medici were a family and not "a race of people," it matters little that she is unfitted to comprehend why they are worth reading about at all, or that the fact has nothing to do with what she has ever done or is likely to be called upon to do in the future.

That the members of these clubs are willing to pursue knowledge under these hampering conditions is of course a point in their favour, so far as it goes. A desire for knowledge is never to be despised, even when it is not entertained for its own sake. And a secondary desire may often be changed into a primary one, if the task is approached in the right way. The possibility of such a transformation is a hopeful feature of the present situation.

The reading that is done by women in connection with club work is of several different types. In the simplest organisations, which are reading clubs pure and simple, a group of books, roughly equal in number to the membership, is taken and passed around until each person has read them all. There is no connection between them, and each volume is selected simply on some one's statement that it is a "good book." A step higher is the club where the books are on one general subject, selected by some one who has been asked to prescribe a "course of reading." By easy gradations we arrive at the final stage, where the reading is of the nature of investigation and its outcome is an essay. A subject is decided on at the beginning of the season. The programme committee selects several phases of it and assigns each to a member, who prepares her essay and reads it to the club at one of the stated meetings. In this case the reading to be done in preparation for writing the essay may or may not be guided by the committee. In many cases, where the local public library coöperates actively with the clubs, a list may be made out by the librarian and perhaps printed, with due acknowledgment, in the club's year book. No one can doubt, in looking over typical programmes and lists among the thousands that represent the annual reading of the women's clubs throughout the United States, that a serious and sustained effort is being made to introduce the intellect, as an active factor, into the lives of thousands of women—lives where hitherto it has played little part, whether they are millionaires or near-paupers, workers or idlers. With this aim there must be full measure of sympathy, but I fear we can commend it only in the back-handed fashion in which a great authority on sociology recently commended the Socialists. "If sympathy with what they are trying to do, as opposed to the way in which they are trying to do it, makes one a Socialist," said the Professor, "then I am a Socialist." Here also we may sympathise with the aim, but the results are largely dependent on the method; and that method is the offspring of ignorance and inefficiency. The results may be summed up in one word—superficiality. I have elsewhere warned readers not to think that this word means simply a slight knowledge of a subject. A slight knowledge is all that most of us possess, or need to possess, about most subjects. I know a little about Montenegro, for instance—something of its origin and relationships, its topography, the names and characteristics of a city or two, the racial and other peculiarities of its inhabitants. Yet I should cut a poor figure indeed in an examination on Montenegrin history, geography or government. Is my knowledge "superficial"? It could not properly be so stigmatised unless I should pose as an authority on Montenegro, or unless my opportunities to know about the country had been so great that failure to take advantage of them should argue mental incapacity. The

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trouble with the reading-lists and programmes of our women's clubs, inherited in some degree from our general educational methods, is that they emphasise their own content and ignore what they do not contain, to such an extent that those who use them remain largely in ignorance of the fact that the former bears a very small proportion indeed to the latter.

It was once my duty to act as private tutor in algebra and geometry to a young man preparing for college. He was bright and industrious, but I found that he was under the impression that when he had gone to the end of his text-books in those two subjects he would have mastered, not only all the algebra and geometry, but all the mathematics, that the world held in store. And when this story has been told in despair to some very intelligent persons they have commented: "Well, there isn't much more, is there?"

The effort of the text-book writer, as well as that of the maker of programmes, lists, and courses, appears to have been to produce what he calls a "well-rounded" effect; in other words, to make the student think that the whole subject—in condensed form perhaps, but still the whole—lies within what he has turned out. Did you ever see a chemistry that gave, or tried to give, an idea of the world of chemical knowledge that environs its board cover? One has to become a Newton before he feels, with that sage, like a child, playing on the sands, with the great, unexplored ocean of knowledge stretching out before him. Most students are rather like ducks in a barnyard puddle, quite sure that they are familiar with the whole world and serene in that knowledge.

Most writers of text-books would indignantly deny that this criticism implies a fault. It is none of their business, they would say, to call attention to what is beyond their scope. So be it. Unfortunately, every one feels in the same way and so the horizon of our women's clubs is that of the puddle instead of the ocean.

It is a most interesting fact in this connection that there exist certain organisations which make a business of furnishing clubwomen with information for their papers. I have heard this service described as a "godsend," to clubs in small places where there are no libraries, or where the libraries are poorly equipped with books and *personnel*. But, if I am correctly informed, the service does not stop with the supply of raw material; it goes on to the finished product, and the perplexed lady who is required to read a paper on "Melchisedek" or on "Popular Errors Regarding the Theory of Groups," may for an adequate fee, or possibly even for an inadequate one, obtain a neatly typewritten manuscript on the subject, ready to read.

This sort of thing is not at all to be wondered at. It has gone on since the dawn of time with college theses, clergymen's sermons, the orations and official papers of statesmen. Whenever a man is confronted with an intellectual task that he dare not shirk, and yet has not the intellect or the interest to perform, the first thing he thinks of is to hire some one to do it for him, and this demand has always been great enough and widespread enough to make it profitable for some one to organise the supply on a commercial basis. What interests us in the present case is the fact that its existence in the woman's club affords an instant clue to the state of mind of many of its members. They have this in common with the plagiarising pupil, clergyman, or statesman—they are called upon to do something in which they have only a secondary interest. The minister who reads a sermon on the text "Thou Shalt Not Steal," and considers that the fact that he has paid five dollars for it will absolve him from the charge of inconsistency, does not—cannot—feel any desire to impress his congregation with a desire for right living—he wants only to hold his job. The university student who, after ascertaining that there is no copyable literature in the Library on "Why I Came to College," pays a classmate a dollar to give this information to the Faculty, cares nothing about the ques-

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tion; but he does care to avoid discipline. So the clubwoman who reads a purchased essay on "Ireland in the Fourteenth Century," has not the slightest interest in the subject; but she does want to remain a member of her club, in good and regular standing. It is the same substitution of adventitious for natural motives and stimuli that works intellectual havoc from the mother's knee up to the Halls of Congress.

When I assert boldly that at the present time the majority of vague and illogical readers are women, and that women's clubs are responsible for much of that kind of reading, I shall doubtless incur the displeasure of the school of feminists who seem bent on minimising the differences between the two sexes. Obvious physical differences they have not been able to explain away, and to deny that corresponding mental differences exist is to shut one's eyes to all the teachings of modern physiology. The mental life is a function, not of the brain alone, but of the whole nervous system of which the brain is but the principal ganglion. Cut off a man's legs, and you have removed something from his mental, as well as from his physical equipment. That men and women should have minds of the same type is a physiological impossibility. A familiar way of stating the difference is to say that in the man's mind reason predominates, in the woman's, intuition. There is doubtless something to be said for this statement of the distinction, but it is objectionable because it is generally interpreted to mean—quite unnecessarily—that a woman's mind is inferior to a man's—a distinction about as foolish as it would be to say that negative electricity is inferior to positive, or cold to heat. The types are in most ways supplementary, and a combination of the two has always been a potent intellectual force—one of the strongest arguments for marriage as an institution. When we try to do the work of the world with either type alone we have generally made a mess of it. And the outcome seems to make it probable that the female type is especially prone to become the prey of fallacies like that which has brought about the present flood of useless, or worse than useless, reading.

I shall doubtless be asked whether I assert that one type of mind belongs always to the man and one to the woman. By no means. I do not even lay emphasis on the necessity of naming the two types "male" and "female." All I say is that the types exist—with those intermediate cases that always bother the classifier—and that the great majority of men possess one type and the great majority of women the other. It is possible that differences of training may have originated or at least emphasised the types; it is possible that future training may obliterate the lines that separate them, but I do not believe it. I am even afraid of trying the experiment, for there is reason to believe that its success in the mental field might react unfavourably on those physical differences on which the future of the race depends. We may have gone too far in this direction already; else why the feverish anxiety of the girls' colleges to prove that their graduates are marrying and bearing children?

The fact is that the problem of the education of the sexes is not yet solved. Educating one sex alone didn't work; neither, I believe, does the present plan of educating both alike, whether in the same institution, or separately.

I have attempted little else, in the foregoing pages, than to point out that trouble exists, and to indicate, somewhat broadly, in what direction it lies. I hope to have the opportunity, in the near future of making my diagnosis a little closer and of suggesting, with due caution, some curative measures.

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W. H. KERNAN: AN APPRECIATION

BY HARRIS DICKSON

THIS is not a "find" of Will Hubbard Kernan, merely a reminder and a tribute. Few men spoke their sentiments in verse so "hot and hissing as a musket ball upon the wing," or suffered from such misrepresentation and abuse. No poet, of any era, has ever grovelled more deeply in the abysses of pessimism, and then proven himself capable of rising to superb heights of exaltation. Mr. Kernan was born in the Mac-o-chee Valley, Ohio, when the dissentient sections of our common country were preparing to march into the tears, blood and agony of the Civil War. His youth was embittered by the crimes and passions of that tumultuous epoch. His sympathies were with the South, and in 1875 he removed to Okolona, Mississippi, where he became the editor of the *Okolona States*. Kernan was no trimmer; vitriol dripped from his tameless tongue. Of irregular personal habits and ultra-radical beliefs—notably against the institution of marriage—he was constantly involved in violent disputes, drifting from one State to another, like an Ishmael whose hand and pen set itself against all established conditions.

From the depths of his soul he voiced a turbulent and scintillating mind:

Come I at last, my masters! come I at last, though late,
To sing in your ears unwilling the terrible Song of Hate—
A song that will startle the timid and make them tremble and pale;
But the truth I seek,
And the truth I speak,
Though the whole world cower and quail.

Hate I that world, my masters, with all of its show and sham;
Its masks and lies and illusions, deceiving us but to damn;
I heartily hate the living, and I hate the very dead,
And everything,
By vassal or King,
That ever was done or said.

For since the first fierce morning of Time with its toils and tears,
Down through the dim, long vista of fleet and fugitive years,
I see but the one black picture 'twixt cradle and coffin bed,
Of conquering Knaves,
And cowering slaves,
And the doom that struck them dead.

Kernan endured much, and vehemently resented it. He set himself passionately against what he conceived to be the tyranny of creeds.

What is the use of it all I said,
As we sat in the argent after-glow,
All are dying who are not dead,
And unto the end it will be so.

Love; but the one whom you love will pass
In blooming beauty some dark mad day,
To fatten the grave worms under the grass;
Yet this is a jolly old world you say.

Work; and the gold that you work to win,
That you fret and worry and strive to save,
Is spent in folly and shame and sin
When you are dust in a dreamless grave.

Thus he sums up the aim and end of human endeavour:

From cradle to coffin we struggle and seek
Till the fugitive years of our lives are past;
But whether our lot be blessed or bleak
We are tossed like the dogs to the worms at last.

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Then what is the use of it all I say?
  Why are we brought from that blank unknown,
To sing and dance through a little day,
  That drifts us under a burial stone?

His mind found no anchorage in accepted religions, persistently attacking what he believed to be ignorant superstition, cant and hypocrisy. For instance:

They prate of a phantom world afar,
  Beyond the mold and the marble urn,
Beyond the fire of the farthest star,
  Where life is immortal and love eterne.

But I am no dupe of their priestly dreams,
  They know of nothing that is to be;
The light that out of their heaven streams
  Is the self-same light that shines on me.

His "Vanishing Isle" typifies pleasure, the unattainable desires of humankind. It is given here in full:

Under the willows, the glad green willows,
  We walked that hour in June, in June—
And the song of the breezes, the birds and billows,
  Were all in tune.
"Ah see," cried Ion, with subtle smile,
"Yon isle, yon blossoming blissful isle!"
And she waved her little white hand to where
Magnolias tossed in the amber air
On the strand of an isle that idly lay
In the pulsing heart of the purple bay.

"Boatman," she said, and she crossed his hand
With gold, as she gave him the strange command,
"Boatman, oh let us taste awhile
The rare delights of that charmful isle."

"Nay, damosel, for that isle lies
In an alien land, under alien skies;
And we cannot reach it before the doom
Has swept us all to the tomb, the tomb."

"Pah," she cheerily laughed; "a mile
Will see us there on the tranceful isle."

"Then come," said the boatman. And we went
Through the miracle morn that was interblent
With sunbeams, over the waters bright
And blue, in a spell of rapt delight.
Ah, miracle morn! Our hearts beat high
With love—with a wonderful love—and I
Was ravished with jubilant joy—for oh,
Her promise was mine, and her presence sweet
Made life, in its largest mood, complete—
For I loved her so! For I loved her so.

Noon came; but the isle was far away,
In the pulsing heart of the purple bay.
I looked at Ion: her face was wan,
And wrinkles under her eyes were drawn,
And half of her life was gone, was gone.

Dusk, but the isle was far away
In the pulsing heart of the purple bay;
And a storm swept up from the under-sea,
With trumps of thunder and flags of flame.
I turned to Ion. And was it she
Who mumbled to me—was she the same
Bright buoyant maid of the early morn—
This woman, haggard and gray and worn?

I turned to the boatman and lo! for he
Was dead, and his bare skull grinned at me—
Grinned in a devilish kind of way;
And the isle—the vanishing island lay
Long terrible leagues away—away.

Turning from doubt and disbelief, and railing at things that are, he pours out his "Dream of a Dream," first published in the *Bucyrus Ohio Forum,* about 1868.

The carking cares of life uplift, the passion and the pain;
The lamentation for a loss; the grasping after gain;
The memory of fickle friends who broke their faith with me—
All vanish, and my soul leaps up, triumphant, proud and free
When the poets, ah the poets, sing their wild sweet songs to me.
And, breaking through my prison bars, and scorning time and tide,
I live with old memorial things, I wander spaces wide.

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Hot Afric jungles thick and green before
my vision rise;
A cruel tiger crouches there with bright and
burning eyes;
And in the shadow of a palm, a naked na-
tive stands
With lifted spear—the savage son of still
more savage lands.
I see the desert stretching dim before mine
aching eyes,
Oases with their plumy palms carved green
against the skies;
And black Assyrian ruins where the tents
of Arabs gleam,
And the solemn site of Tyre, where the fisher
dreams his dreams.

* * * * *

I see a summer island in the heart of Indian
seas,
Where the breath of reddest roses fills and
thrills the throbbing breeze.

The English language boasts no finer lines than these, nor pictures cleaner cut.

Oases with their plumy palms carved green
against the skies.

Feel the ruin and the desolation, here expressed:

And the solemn site of Tyre, where the fisher
dreams his dreams.

What poet discovers a more splendid power of description than this?

The foamy waves
Were chiming at my feet a tune
That sounded like the subtle rune
Of some lost paradisic staves,
When suddenly before my sight
Stood up a city vast and white,
With strange majestic temple walls,
Deserted streets and voiceless halls,
With dumb proud idols, ruined shrines,
Urns stained with sacrificial wines.

Daintier, but equally forceful description occurs in his tribute, "To a Dear, Dead Friend."

Valley-dimpled in the distance stretch the
stalwart mountain lines,
Glorified by sunset splendours, garlanded by
plumy pines;
Sheer below, within the purple and the pause
of twilight-tide,
Spread the silent fields far reaching to the
forests wild and wide—
Spread the silent fields where cattle browse
beside the saffron stream,
Where, in gold and green transplendent, the
triumphant harvests team;
Where the flowers flash with beauties bor-
rowed from the sky and sun,
And by many a subtle process in their shin-
ing petals spun;
Where the dim and dusty highway through
the hedges dippeth down,
Past the pleasant old plantations to the
quaint and quiet town.

Go with Kernan to the heights, in his "Progress of the Peoples":

Upward, upward press the people to that
pure exalted plane,
Where no throne shall cast a shadow, and
no slave shall wear a chain.

* * * * *

They are lighting lamps of freedom on a
million altar stones,
With the torches they have kindled at the
blaze of burning thrones.

Then he speaks of woman's part:

She hath wept and prayed in passion, bit-
terly hath made her moan,
All the terrors and the tortures of the ty-
rants she hath known;
Still, the blood that flows for freedom flows
for man and man alone.
She hath borne with man his crosses, she
hath worn with man his chains,
She has suffered all his losses, she has suf-
fered all his pains,
She shall stand with him co-equal on the
pure exalted planes.

Kernan, of all men, might have been expected to write an apostrophe to Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, voicing his own fatalistic beliefs. Mark these splendid lines:

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Nothing is that is not ordered by an overruling Power,
From the master-march of planets, to the soft fringe on a flower.
We are nothing more than puppets, and this power pulls the string,
Making of that man a menial, making of this clown a King:
Models one in manly beauty, perfect he in every part—
But behold a fellow-mortal fashioned on another plan,
Coarse, deformed and misbegotten, more a devil than a man—
Heir to sin and want and sorrow, born without a sense of shame,
Stung by sharp, keen, fierce desires, burning in his blood like flame,—
If he speeds the blasting bullet through the heart of fellow-man,
Blameless he, for it was bidden when the universe began.

The writer last saw Will Hubbard Kernan twelve or fourteen years ago, in Vicksburg, and under the most distressing circumstances. Whether he be now alive or dead, his genius and his verses live.

WANTED: AN AMERICAN SALON OF HUMOURISTS

BY LOUIS BAURY

I

JUST why it is that painting should be deemed the most irrevocably grave of all artistic manifestations, no one has ever explained. But such certainly appears to be the case—particularly here in America. In literature a man has every chance, if he can, to be as hilariously unbridled as Mark Twain, and still take his place, unchallenged, on the shelf with the greatest; on the stage he may be as essentially a humourist as Joseph Jefferson, and yet go down in history with a halo round his memory; even in the uncorporeal sphere of music he may be as light and bizarre and impish as fancy will permit, without in any way jeopardising his artistic dignity; but let him attempt any such gala-hearted display in terms of paint, and the most staid Academician and the most perfervid Futurist bang their doors with equal vigour in his face. Which, in this day when there is more talk than ever before of the development of a really national art, seems just a trifle rash.

That ebullient spirit that, without "mission" or "message" or "school," craves only the privilege of making holiday with facts and pelting impartially with its own gay, inimitable, irreverent confetti every head that bobs up in the carnival of civilisation seems too thoroughly American to be consigned always to the lighter, more ephemeral pictorial avenues. Mark Twain and O. Henry are American in a sense in which Poe and Lowell, for instance, never can be. That the spirit which caused them to multiply the gaiety of nations is really inherent in the hearts of American painters, one has to travel no further than to the rooms of the old "Fakers" to realise.

Around the time of the Spanish War that little off-shoot of the National Academy of Design contained a group of students with conspicuous aptitudes for satirising passing artistic foibles. Pressed, they will admit that the present form of the society is somewhat in the nature of an anti-climax; but in their day people flocked to the exhibitions where, each year, they held up to merciless ridicule the staid, decorous productions of the regular Academy shows. And there was a certain buoyant inspiration and technical fe-

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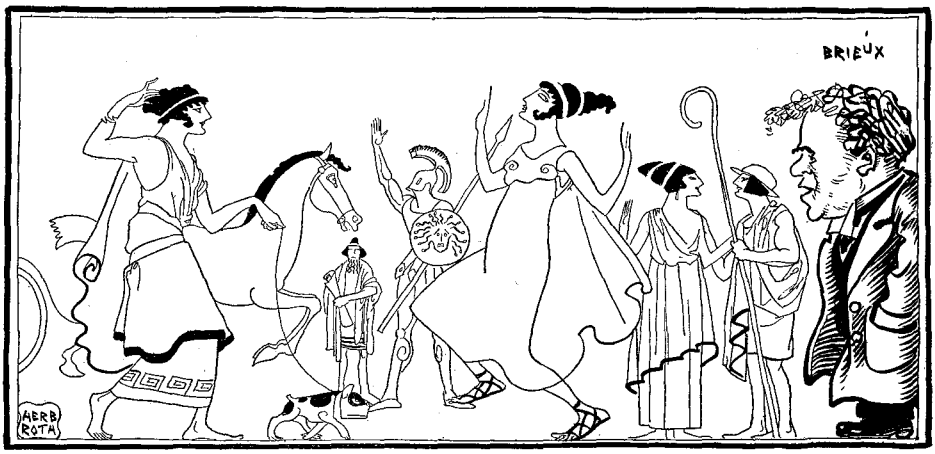

Courtesy of the New York "World"

AS OTHERS SEE US. BY HERB ROTH. OUR EMINENT FRENCH VISITOR, M. EUGÈNE BRIEUX, HAS SAID THAT OF ALL MODERN PEOPLES, THE AMERICANS ARE NEAREST TO THE ANCIENT GREEKS

licity pervading all their merriment which raised these affairs far above the plane of mere undergraduate decorative revels.

To-day, the men who once poured forth these festive creations are for the most part in the heydey of their prime. But one journeys from "important exhibition" to "interesting group of canvases" to "noteworthy shows," looking in vain for a place where the spirit of the old "Fakers," in matured and mellowed form, may logically disport itself, and yet remain faithful to the highest artistic conscience. It begins to look as if the only place where such things can pursue their joyous way unfettered amid all the intensity of "modernity" is in a gallery especially devoted to their interests—just as the playgrounds for children have to be solemnly marked off by act of legislature and maintained sacrosanct by the police force.

Actually to have to offer arguments in favour of a Salon of Humourists in this country, where a sense of humour is as much a standard national institution as George Washington's truthfulness or Bunker Hill or true democracy, would seem too paradoxical. Fortunately, though, the work of the men who without the least encouragement do make occasional forays in this manner is sufficient argument of itself. There are, for example, the pictures of Boardman Robinson —among which is a pungent little wash drawing called "The Romanticist"—never before exhibited or published—which could most appropriately open an American Salon of Humourists—and that without the slightest disrespect to romance itself.

The man depicted herein is not a painter. Quite unmistakably, he belongs to "the literati." But his influence upon gallery exhibitions has been extensive. For he is an "apostle of art." He it is who, over the tea-cups, has converted our daughters, and so gained a certain ascendency in an age of feminism. He has interior-decorated the halls of Philistia itself—and very nearly persuaded the lot of us to sell our birthright for a pot of lilies. And now one enjoys the gratification of seeing all his suspicions about him upheld.

A raven of butterfly fragility, he rises against his nicotine-misted background, his rapturous eyes seeking the heavens—and stopping at a low-hung ceiling. Even the most literal-minded would desire no snatch of superimposed dialogue to enforce the humour of the thing. The humour is inherent in every line of the drawing, in all the subtle force and force-

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"PROFESSOR, WILL YOU PLAY 'THE ROSARY,' PLEASE." BY JOHN SLOAN

ful subtlety of the entire handling. One senses at once the impalpability of the chin beneath those curled whiskers, the scrawniness of the stringed neck somewhere in the floss of that hair, the timidity of those too-small pale hands which are, one is sure, fidgetting under the ceremonious folds of his Inverness.

After this the ladies who peer at canvases anxiously through veils, and murmur of "perspective"; the people who flutter catalogue pages and talk hesitatingly of "tone" and "value" and "quality" and other safely elusive things, after having looked up the artist's name—these may walk with a new sprightliness now and hold up their heads. Which, after all, is a very excellent thing for "art." And even the most strident anarchists shouting for "wider latitudes" should be appeased. For just as it is said that what cannot be spoken can be put to music, so, in another sense, what cannot be told can be painted. For there are people boasting of portraits, even by Sargent who, if they studied them attentively, instead of pointing them out with a casual reference to the price paid, would be more inclined to try suing the painter for libel. So let us fling open the doors and see if we really are as irrevocably grave as all this talk of art in the Sunday

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supplements and the public libraries would lead one to suppose.

II

In the field of American art, no place is more genuinely recognised and assured than the high one occupied by George Luks. What Arthur Davies is to the poetry of contemporary painting, Luks is to its prose. So it is particularly pleasing, on entering the American Salon of Humourists, to find a canvas of his prominently hung. One simply cannot help feeling that at last this man who has ever been as a red rag to academies and revolutionaries alike, has found a truly congenial setting. For if ever man was a humourist at heart, that man is Luks. He is in direct line of descent from Swift and Rabelais and Fielding. Humour there is in his most terribly poignant studies, in his most heartrending delineations of slum life, of stricken urchins and ignorant, experience-wise old apple women. But when humour predominates, when it is the irrepressible motive of his theme, then Luks is at his best. Then he is most unrestrainedly himself.

HE—"AH, HERE—SEE—NOW COMES GILDA, THE SWEET, THE INNOCENT, THE PENSIVE, THE WHOLLY ADORABLE. HOW MY BETTER SELF THRILLS AT THE MAGIC OF HER VOICE!"
SHE—"AIN'T IT A SHAME, NOW, SHE'S SO OLD!"
—BY STUART DAVIS

Look over his sketch-books where are jotted down the swift, undeniable first impressions of his journeyings among men. It is humour that radiates through every vibrant line of them. Turning the pages is like walking along a crowded thoroughfare in company with one of those jovially shrewd old eighteenth-century commentators on human foibles. No word is spoken. One simply feels a nudge in the ribs, and, looking, the essential flavour of a group, a situation, a personality is made inimitably manifest. A cabby lolling on his box, a too-young matron whispering imprudent stories into the ear of a promising débutante, a couple from "hall-roomdom" parading at the fashionable hour on the avenue, the manner in which a young restaurant omnibus fetches *vin ordinaire*—it is such things as these that most inevitably attract Luks's attention. The painting of "Amateur Night," reproduced here, though perhaps not the best example of this phase of Mr. Luks's work, unquestionably possesses the authentic spirit. And it is a work for which he has special fondness.

"I felt that very deeply when I was painting it," he said recently. "At the time, I was doing a good deal of potboiling in the form of posters for those extravagant melodramas which were in such favour then; and so I was quite in the atmosphere of this sort of thing. I've attended dozens of 'amateur nights,' and I like those kids that get up there and make fools of themselves. They're not always such fools as they act."

No half-tone reproduction of this painting can begin to do justice to the masterly observation and handling of the play of footlights over the figures—which,

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AMATEUR NIGHT. GETTING THAT MINOR. BY GEORGE LUKS

technically, is the most notable achievement of the picture. But it retains unimpaired the full force of that girl's desperately clenched hands, the modelling of that youth's legs, the significance of the taut postures of both performers. And it loses little in the understanding with which those faces are rendered.

Gazing on them, one understands pretty well how the comedienne of the team fired her adoring one with histrionic desire—and how, though remaining forever "minor chords," they will return again and again to "Amateur Night." It is this power of Luks's—evinced even in his slightest things—to make one feel the past and probable future of all his characters, as well as the intensely living present he sets before you, which makes of him an undeniable master.

Hanging near this picture of his is Glackens's "Roller Skating." There is no more sincere artist than Glackens in America to-day. Among painters he is

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THE ROMANTICIST. BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

especially esteemed for his technical abilities—and for the magnitude of the technical problems he so often undertakes to solve. In the old days, though, when Glackens concerned himself more with cartoons and illustrations, there used to be a certain rollicking buoyance pervading his work which somehow seems too frequently missing in his later and more elaborate oils. But ever and again it returns joyously and takes possession of his brush for long stretches. The "Roller Skating" canvas is one of those in which its influence is apparent. Perhaps the murkiness of the atmosphere is rather too palpable in the original, but after one peeps through this, he is very willing to forgive it for the wealth of humour underneath. There are a score of keen, delightful points made here—of character, of anecdote, of gesture, of attitude, of incident—all set forth with that strict economy of detail and sense of *ensemble* rhythm which belongs, perhaps above all else, to a proper interpretation of crowds.

Possibly after the Salon of Humour-

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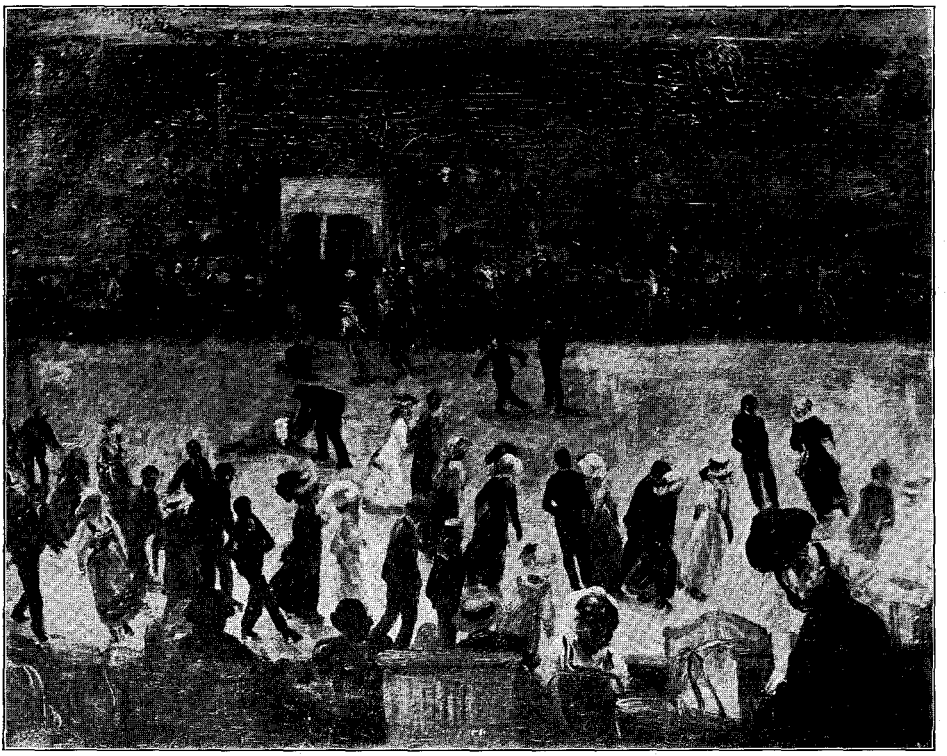

THE SKATING RINK. BY W. J. GLACKENS

ists has become thoroughly established, Mr. Glackens will relent and give us more oils in this vein—things like those Dickensian observations he has made in crowded slum streets where really all is not poverty and stark misery, and there do exist other occupations than having the milk inspected and dodging the charity workers, who—poor things!—should not be blamed too much, because they, too, have to make a living somehow. Possibly he will go even further. Meanwhile we have this vision of "society" disporting itself at the rink for all the world as the Sunday supplements have recorded that it disports itself—just the same "easy informality" and *"sang froid"*—and the visitor will probably spend some time in studying out and enjoying the details for himself before turning to the red chalk drawing by Everett Shinn.

Shinn, it must be understood—even though the catalogue, in its official impartiality cannot commit such confidences—is among the bright particular stars of this exhibition. Falling, as a craftsman, into the same general category as Glackens, there is, among other things, the difference that when Shinn turns illustrator he is very likely to be at his unqualified worst. But when he gets down to the "serious work" which your average artist undertakes with a portentous frown—and maybe one eye on the predilections of the judiciary committee—then Everett Shinn becomes his most débonnair, charming, airy, slightly cynical, but always diverting, entertaining, and amusing self. And it is in this guise that he appears at the Salon of Humourists.

It might be that the ultra-captious would take some exceptions to the drawing of the figure on the left of the group shown here, but certainly no one could offer any objection to the pose and spirit of it. And every one of that trio is alive

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"THE GREAT AMERICAN ENTERTAINERS." IN THEIR FAMOUS SPECIALTIES—ARTISTIC AND REFINED. BY EVERETT SHINN

—alive with a life of its own, gay, racy, undeniable. Here again a title is a mere superfluous footnote. The picture's humour is intrinsic, and so completely summed up within itself that no slightest further touch, whether of word or crayon, is necessary. And the beauty of it is, as the New England woman said of the doughnuts that were so appreciated, "there's plenty more of the same kind where that came from."

Unfortunately, the Salon of Humourists as yet has few sculptured pieces to offer. But it is significant that some of the most notable of those that are available represent the work of a man whose star is very decidedly in the ascendant. New York at large discovered Herbert Crowley only a few months ago; but, having once been discovered, he is not the sort of person easily to be forgotten. The fervour of the true artist is his; and it finds expression in sumptuously decorative designs which have been compared —although the likeness is really superficial—to a certain vein of Aubrey Beardsley; in rich-hued pastel dreams, behind the surface simplicity of which rages all the monstrous complexity with which the orchestration of modern life is instinct; in delicately whimsical little child-fables in line that are fathered by very much the same spirit that produced Stevenson's *Garden of Verses;* and in twentieth-century grotesques of the order shown here.

"I do these things," said Mr. Crowley, "because I have to—because my contact with people and events has bred them inside me, and they must come out. And of course the sense of humour must come out along with the rest. Humour is there—within everybody—as big and true as love or hate or desire or any other

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human emotion; and so fully worthy of being as finely expressed as one can express it."

That is what Crowley does in these gargoyles. They are philosophies in bronze, commenting upon whole segments of society, yet quite without malice. Take "Incapacity," for instance. The face alone runs the entire emotional gamut from a child whose nurse will not stop the lollipop man who is passing to the politician who cannot stop the restrictive bills that are being passed. The Church of the Social Revolution should avail itself of these gargoyles, if only to demonstrate the genuineness of its modernity.

To keep Mr. Crowley company in the sculpture section there is Mrs. Jerome Meyers. Mrs. Meyers specialises on women—which is indiscreet, but highly diverting. Her work is always interesting, adequate, deftly executed, and modern in manner. The accompanying piece is fairly typical both of her method and her satire. The subject of it is an effusive devotee of Mr. Robinson's Romanticist, an elder sister of Mr. Don Marquis's friend, Hermione. She, too, looks out upon a world that is wonderful—simply *wonderful,* and matches her gowns and jewels to her moods and her room-furnishings to her temperament. Probably the hangings in her boudoir are mauve—with a shadow pattern.

CARNIVAL. BY LOUIS FANCHER

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. BY JOHN E. JACKSON

III

As the Laird in *Trilby* so variously intimated, they do these things better in France. Paris instituted a *Salon des Humoristes* as long ago as the spring of 1907. And that Salon instantaneously and overwhelmingly captivated Paris—as things do when they are especially piquant and chic and sophisticated. There the blithest, gayest, deepest, wisest work of such artists as Forain and Willette and Steinlin and Ibels, of Guillaume, Redon, and Robida, and literally hundreds of others, rollicked gleefully forth for the delectation of the multi-

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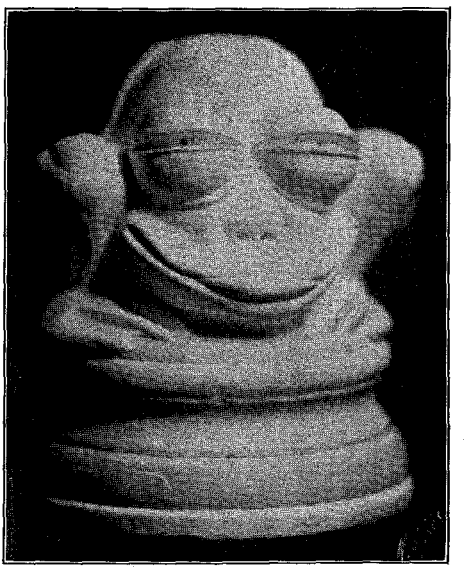
INCAPACITY. BY HERBERT CROWLEY

tudes. Somehow, that is always the way. Unto them that hath shall be given! The platitudes will not be downed. For although this Salon has apotheosised certain ideals and forced the more staid and entrenched Salons to take serious recognition, as the phrase goes, of its artistic achievements, Paris was really the last city in the world that stood in actual need of such an institution. Paris, the witching, the sprightly, the saucy, the witty—Paris, which acclaimed and appreciated the mastership of a Daumier and a Toulouse-Lautrec—Paris, where to be clever is to be courted instead of to be inspected with apprehensive suspicion—Paris, where flourish regularly a half-dozen publications of the order of *le Rire* and *l'Assiette au Beurre,* in affirmation of the illustrator's right to deride mankind according to his own sweet pleasure and, if need be, to go out into the smoking-room for his inspiration in doing it—what need had Paris of an institution for the uncensored stigmatising of affectation and folly, the disrobing of vice, the indication of the grotesque incongruities of the every-day! Why, for all its glory and its conquest, such a gallery was but as a ring on the Parisian little finger, a flower in its button-hole.

But what chance has the American illustrator for participation in such lively and preëminently worth-while sport? Ask him—as the present writer has asked a score of illustrators—and he will tell you at voluminous length, and with a force which even a Parisian weekly might expurgate, that he has none at all. Take the case of such a well-established illustrator as J. E. Jackson. When he leaves the regular illustrative round for his metropolitan pastels he may freely express the utmost heights of his vision—and who better than he has realised that subtle green which sleeps in the sky above Manhattan when the day of toil is ending and the streets are restless with homeward-faring throngs and the air raucous with the cries of baseball extras? Yet let him depart from the prescribed orbits in an opposite direction, and even so comparatively mild a satire as "Beauty and the Beast" goes the normal rounds only to be shunned. Perhaps the dog was not deemed sufficiently beautiful. Yet there are many folk who would find more humour in the observation of that beast's —er, woman's—foot alone than in a volume of sketches of the *Florist:* "We have some lovely mistletoe, miss." *Beautiful Young Lady:* "Thanks; I really don't need that" type.



INDEPENDENCE. BY HERBERT CROWLEY

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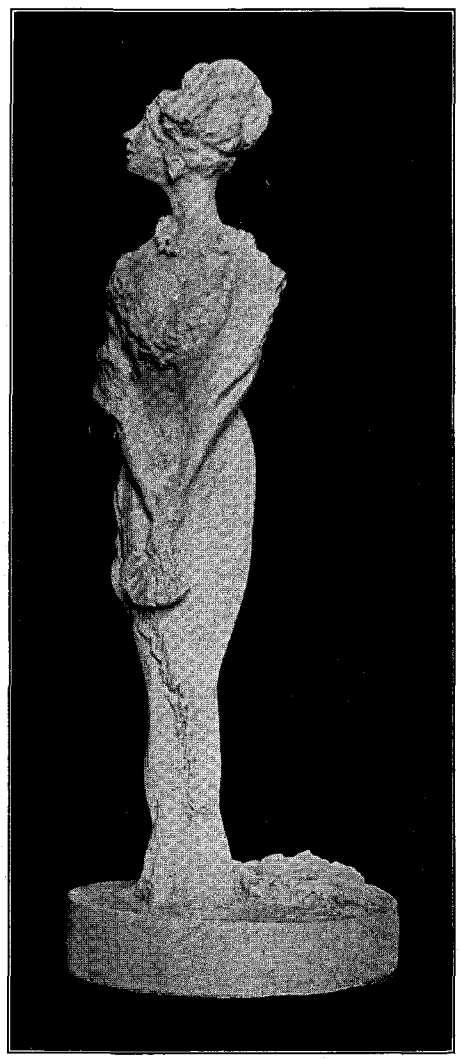
Of course, every periodical has a right to pursue its own policy undisturbed, and editors know best to what public they wish to appeal; but at the same time, it seems prodigally slack that so much talent—one does not say genius, but undeniable and astoundingly facile talent—as exists in the ranks of our illustrators should, perforce, express itself always in echoes and embellishments.

One need not deny, either, the very patent cleverness of a good deal of the work the avowedly humourous magazines publish, to protest that the mordant, grim, relentless irony of, say, Glenn Coleman can scarcely find adequate outlet in pictorial variations upon the side-splitting themes that college youths always love chorus-girls violently and carry a little wine without due restraint, that the "woman movement"—whatever that may be—will inevitably force hale and prosperous men into washing dishes, that young things in love simply cannot help turning down the parlour lights and kissing, while the new fashions are really too absurd and golfers use naughty words when they slice the ball, and poets always, always wear long hair because they never have enough money to meet the rapacious demands of barbers.

Yet these things of Mr. Coleman's, clothed in the curiously quaint atmosphere he so well conjures up—these forays into stuffy parks and city margins where the refuse of the ragged-edge congregate and crack grisly jokes anent their own tatters—have a very definite place in the empire of American humour. And so, equally, have the impressions of those two vivid, arresting, but sharply differentiated newspaper men, Cesare and Roth.

The restaurant scene by Cesare, here reproduced, was a mere *pièce d'occasion,* however. "I do practically nothing," he explains, "that would fit into a real Salon of Humourists. As things are, such drawings are luxuries, and however much I might enjoy it, I really don't have a chance to indulge in them."

And although Herb Roth in his crisp, tumultuous comments, manages again and again to strike from the ephemeræ of the daily news brilliant sparks, swift flashes of character and parables of mirth which, as in the cases of the Winthrop Ames caricature and the Brieux para-



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICAN GIRL. BY MRS. JEROME MEYERS

phrase, possess more than casual passing interest, one still cannot help wondering just how much Mr. Roth might accomplish if left entirely to his own lightning-

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THE BOARDING-HOUSE STEPS. BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON

like devices—with a Salon of Humourists waiting for the results.

And if this be the case with men who, on newspapers, are coming into constant touch with life at its liveliest, how much more should it apply to magazine illustrators whose facility is so largely devoted to depicting Estelle falling into the arms of Milton, and the King of the Wire-Tappers at the precise moment when the great detective and his trusty lieutenants burst in upon him? If the individual outlook of these illustrators could have free outlet, it would more often than not prove to be in humourous vein. And there is no time more favourable than the present for affording it outlet here in America.

Paris will have no *Salon des Humoristes* this year. Pierrot is in the trenched fields, facing the invader. But Pierrot is the last who would wish to see the carnival itself lapse. For Pierrot is immortal; and even though he die, he lives on, unconquerable.

Finally, then, we can do honour to him in the illustrator's section through Oliver Herford—not because Mr. Herford is an illustrator in the ordinary sense of the word, but because he falls into no regular classification, and so might as well go here as anywhere else. One does

"NOTHING NO FORTUNE TELLER EVER TOLD ME COME TRUE." BY HELENA SMITH DAYTON

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not think of Oliver Herford so much as an artist or a wit as in the light of an institution. He is the nearest American counterpart to Max Beerbohm. The same urbanity is his, the same poise, the same sophistication, the same naïveté, the same nice ability for doing charming and rather ticklish things without ever descending to the indelicate or offending good taste. The accompanying examples of his work are recent things; but anything else of his would have served as well. Oliver Herford "belongs."

IV

No age has been so multifarious as our own in playing politics through art. In literature the tendency extends all

Courtesy of "Harper's Weekly"

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—OH, YES, I KNOW I DID HIM NOT SO LONG AGO. BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I LIKE TO DO GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (GEORGE LIKES IT, TOO). BY OLIVER HERFORD

Courtesy of "Harper's Weekly"

I'D BEST BEWARE HOW I MAKE FREE WITH BRANDER MATTHEWS, LL.D. SINCE PREXY WILSON'S PAVED THE WAY HE MAY BE PRESIDENT SOME DAY. BY OLIVER HERFORD

the way from Bernard Shaw to James Oppenheim—which is a long distance, any way you care to figure it. In the graphic arts it is somewhat more concentrated, and—taken on the whole—of more compelling calibre. For where a book or a play or a treatise has an excellent chance of boring you with dogmatics and repetitions and arguments, a picture simply presents its naked vision—and dares you to deny it. And, be your politics what they may, you cannot gainsay the fact that no more representative emanations exist of that tangled, restless, striving, groping, shattering, up-building, cursing, laughing, menacing, praying thing we call modernity than this little gallery of protest contains.

There are the cartoons of Arthur Young, grinning through tears of sympathy, which, ever since the Gene Field era, when they first began to appear in Chicago, have found their fundamental impulse in the social incongruities. And there are the etchings and sketches and oils of John Sloan. Keenly sensitive to his time, Sloan expresses himself inevitably in the humourous strain—and in all his humour there lives that pathos which belongs to all truly felt humour. Note

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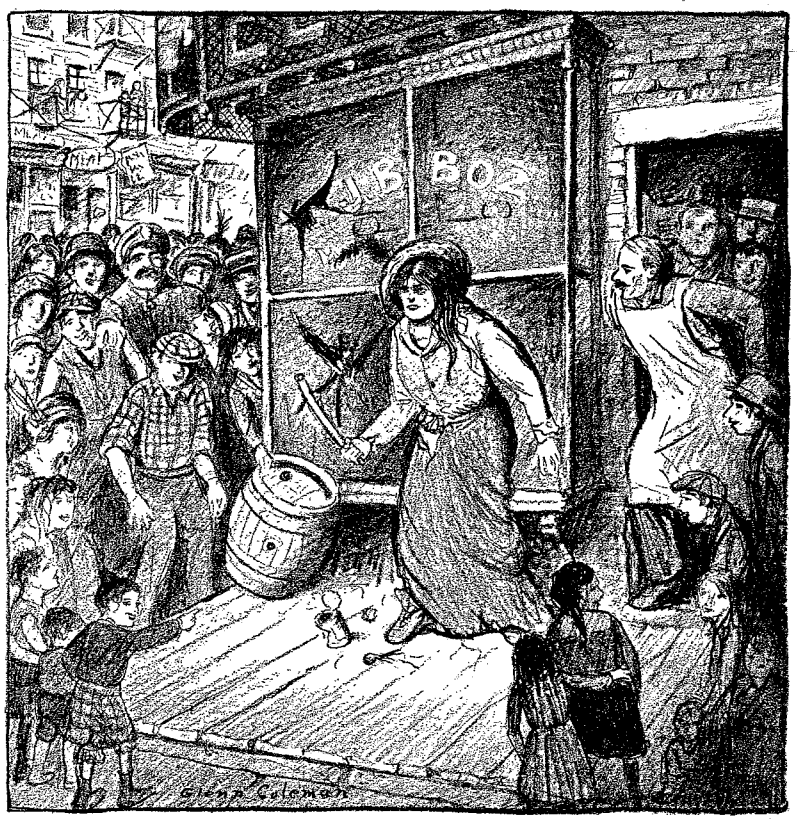
the wistfulness with which he has endowed even such a denunciation of mankind's tawdriness as the accompanying drawing comprises. It is always that way with his things. And that is why John Sloan can unfold the most brutal actualities of the highways and the hidden closets of society, and still set tender chords to vibrating.

Among the younger men striving along somewhat similar lines none gives more striking promise than Stuart Davis. Bold, original, forthright, one feels that much should be before him. And although one's instinct is to be chary in praise of an ability which is still more or less potential, one yet cannot but notice the tendency toward a certain Strindbergian quality in his studies of personality that places them in the category of what Edwin Björkman has called "pure cultures." The more one sees of his work, the more one feels that Stuart Davis should be a decided asset to the Salon of Humourists.

And when the same motive which dominates Sloan and Davis springs, instead of from the socialistic or the ultra-realistic, from the decorative instinct, the result is a form equally important to an exhibition of this order. It is the poster at its best.

"It appears almost certain now," laments Louis Fancher, "that the keen in-



A DIRECT ATTACK—THE MILITANT OF THE NEW YORK WATER-FRONT. BY GLENN O. COLEMAN

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terest people in this country once took in posters as works of art was merely a fad—that has gone the way of all fads. But I can't help feeling that it wouldn't have done so had it been properly developed. We talk about the supremacy of German posters; but we forget that German artists had to go through a long, bitter, discouraging fight before they won recognition for the high standards they finally succeeded in setting up. Here in this country, though, it's impossible, as things are, to wage such a fight. But from personal experiences, I feel certain that the public itself, once thoroughly imbued with the poster ideal, would appreciate and demand that style of work." Certainly, Mr. Fancher's own "Carnival" is not a bad argument in its favour.

And certainly the sharp, bold postures of the poster, its abrupt gestures, the simplicity of its masses of colours, the hyperbole of its statements, indicate a special sympathy with much current thought and movement.

And from posters the transition into pure fantastics is an easy one—things, for example, such as the painted groups Helena Smith Dayton models in plaster. Here is work as wholly American as Coney Island or world-series ball-games or department-store bargain-days. Whether one considers it as a parody of the new art forms or as an absolutely personal approach, it is equally interesting. There is no little tolerance manifest through all the fun and satire with which that human mélange on the "Boarding-House Steps" is conceived. And the same spirit accompanies Mrs. Dayton everywhere—into the restaurants and tango-halls where the out-of-towners rub elbows with the demi-monde for the enrichment of waiters, along lower Fifth Avenue at that hour when the cloak and suit trade inherits the earth, into those parks where the child is indeed father to the man—wherever, in fact, the whim of the moment suggests.

In the course of these trips, too, Mrs. Dayton's feeling for types frequently expands into a genuine grasp of character. And even in her most headlong moods she never descends to downright triviality.

And triviality is the worst enemy against which the American Salon of Humourists will have to contend.

Of course, the few pictures and sculptures grouped here represent only a fragmentary glimpse even of that spirit which now is obliged to blossom sporadically. But they are sufficient to suggest some of the larger possibilities latent within that particular sort of humour that crackles beneath the cuticle of American life.

All of which may sound excessively serious; but that is the trouble with humour. One simply can't consider it without becoming serious—particularly here in America. For humour is more to us than a mere mood. It is the pith of the swift, electric atmosphere that is

MR. PUNCH SAYS A FEW WORDS IN REGARD TO HIS LATEST LITTLE THEATRE. CARICATURE OF MR. WINTHROP AMES. BY HERB ROTH

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so distinctively our own, that capitalisation of the moment which serves us in lieu of the tradition that is Europe's. It is a thing as wide as a city street, as free as a prairie, as vivid as an incandescent sign. It is as impudent as a skyscraper, as warm as a hand-clasp, as true as the shifting crowds that give rise to it while they dream and love and laugh and die.

When we fully realise this in our graphic arts, something very fresh and notable in a new way should result. Surely, it is worth while setting out toward that end.

Courtesy of the New York "World"

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT. BY CESARE

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THE METHOD OF MODERN MAGIC

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, said Longfellow,—although the remark does not seem especially characteristic of this gentle poet,—"is what biography ought to be." And in the long list of alluring autobiographies, from Cellini's and Cibber's, from Franklin's and Goldoni's, there are few more fascinating than the *Confidences of a Prestidigitator* of Robert-Houdin. A hostile critic of Robert-Houdin's career has recorded the fact—if it is a fact—that Robert-Houdin once confided to a fellow-magician that his autobiography had been written for him by a clever Parisian journalist; and it must be admitted that not a few amusing French autobiographies have not been the children of their putative parents,—for instance, the memoirs of Vidocq, the detective. Yet this is not as damaging an admission as it may seem at first sight, since the clever Parisian journalist may have been little more than the amanuensis of the prestidigitator, hired only to give literary form to the actual recollections of his employer. Such a proceeding would not deprive Robert-Houdin's autobiography of its authenticity; and it would remain a classic, beloved by all who joy in the delights of conjuring. Unfortunately the hostile critic has gone further in his attack upon Robert-Houdin's reputation; and he has succeeded in showing that the renowned French conjurer claimed as his own invention not a few illusions which had been already exhibited by his predecessors in the art of deception.

Yet this unjustified boasting does not invalidate Robert-Houdin's claim to be the father of modern magic. Even if he was treading in the path of those who had gone before, he attained at last to a consistent theory of the art, far in advance of that held by earlier magicians. Many of his marvels, and perhaps the most striking of them, may have been but improvements upon effects originally contrived by others; yet every succeeding generation can rise only by standing upon the shoulders of the generation which gave it birth, and it is justified in availing itself of all that these earlier generations may have discovered and invented. Robert-Houdin tells us himself that he was greatly indebted to the Comte de Grisy, whose stage-name was Torrini. In fact, Robert-Houdin might be called a pupil of Torrini, as Mr. John S. Sargent is a pupil of Carolus Duran. It was upon Torrini's dignified simplicity as a magician that Robert-Houdin modelled his own unpretending presentation of his feats of magic. Apparently it was a famous conjurer named Frikell who first discarded the cumbersome and glittering array of apparatus which used to be displayed on the stage to dazzle the eyes of the spectator, but this had its origin only in the accidental destruction of Frikell's paraphernalia by fire, whereby the performer was suddenly forced to rely upon the less complicated experiments, which could be exhibited without extraneous aid. This discarding of overt apparatus, which Frikell was forced into by misfortune, Robert-Houdin adopted as an abiding principle. He kept his stage as bare as possible, although, of course, he brought forward from time to time the special apparatus necessary for the illusions he was about to exhibit.

Not only did he perform on a stage which was intended to resemble a drawing-room, he also eschewed any other costume than that appropriate to a drawing-room. Earlier performers had not hesitated to deck themselves in oriental apparel or in the flowing garb of a mediæval magician. Robert-Houdin was always modern and never mediæval; and

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he adopted this attitude deliberately. He was the first to formulate the fundamental principle of the modern art of magic,—that a conjurer should be "an actor playing the part of a magician." One of the foremost exponents of modern magic, Mr. Maskelyne, notes that many conjurers strive only to play the part of some other conjurer; and it might be added that there are not a few who fail entirely to see the necessity for playing a part and who content themselves with a purposeless display of their misplaced dexterity. But the masters of the art are men like Robert Heller and Buatier da Kolta, who are accomplished comedians, each in his own fashion, and who present a succession of little plays,—for a truly good experiment in magic is really a diminutive drama.

It may be brief and simple,—a play in one act; or it may be prolonged and complicated,—a play in three or five acts. But like any other play it ought to possess a central idea and to have a definite plot. It should tend straight toward its single conclusion, which must be the logical development of all that has gone before; that is to say, it must possess what the critics of the drama term Unity of Action. It should have a beginning, a middle and an end, in accord with Aristotle's requirement for a tragedy. It must work up to its culmination with a steadily increasing intensity of interest. It must contain nothing not directly contributory to the startling climax which is its surprising and satisfying conclusion. It must not digress or dally in bypaths, however entertaining these may be in themselves, but push onwards to its inevitable finish. It is only by conceiving of every one of his successive experiments as a play, complete in itself and governed by the inexorable laws of the drama that the magician can rise to the summit of his art. He is a conjurer and a comedian at the same time, making his dexterity the servant of his drama, and never for a single moment allowing this dexterity to force itself upon the attention of the audience. In fact, the one thing he ought to conceal is his possession of any special gift in manipulation. He should keep his audience ever guessing as to the method of his apparent miracles.

It is because Robert-Houdin was seemingly the first conjurer to adopt these principles as his irrefragable code of procedure that he is to be accepted as the father of modern magic. He never allowed himself to parade his skill in manipulating coins and cards at the risk of distracting the attention of the spectators from the central and culminating effect around which he had constructed his plot. No doubt, he possessed dexterity in abundance, but it was subordinate to his dramatic intent. No doubt again, some of the devices he used had sometimes been employed by a long succession of his predecessors in conjuring. As a matter of course he availed himself of all sorts of mere tricks, of ingenious sleights and of artful apparatus that the conjurers who went before him had devised for their own use long before he was born. An "experiment in magic," to use the term that Mr. Maskelyne prefers, is not a mere trick,—or at least it ought not to be. It is not the exhibition of a device or of a sleight or of an adroit piece of apparatus. Rather is it a coherent whole, direct in its development, no matter how many subtleties of concealment and deception it may employ in the course of its accomplishment.

Most amateurs in the art of magic, and also only too many professional performers, place their reliance mainly upon the trick itself,—the deceptive manipulation of the novel apparatus—and are satisfied to get out of it what they can. They invent new methods of changing a card or of making coins pass into a box, overlooking the fact that these inventions are valueless except as they are utilised to facilitate the execution of one of those larger feats which only are fairly to be entitled experiments in magic and which are distinguished always by the direct simplicity and the straightforward unity of their plots. In fact, an experiment in magic must aim at that totality of effect, that perfect subordination of the minor means to the major end, which Poe insisted upon as the dominant characteristic of the true short-story. And

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this totality of effect can be achieved only by the rigorous exclusion of everything which in any way contradicts that central idea out of which the true short story must always be developed. Unity and totality, and a rigorous obedience to what Herbert Spencer called the Principle of Economy of Attention,—these are the essential elements in the presentation of a worthy experiment in magic.

An intimate friend of the late Alexander Hermann, the last of a long line of Hermanns who have been eminent in the history of the art, has asserted that Alexander Hermann was wont to insist that the conjurer must possess three qualifications for the practice of his profession. The first of these is dexterity, the second is dexterity; and the third is also dexterity. Of course, there is a sense in which this assertion is true; but it may be easily misapprehended. A conjurer needs to be dexterous, although more than one master of modern magic, notably Robert Heller, has not been preëminent in the possession of this qualification. A moderate degree of dexterity is essential, and perhaps more than a moderate degree; but dexterity is not the prime requisite, which is rather the dramatic instinct, or perhaps, it had better be called the dramaturgic imagination, that can hit on a new idea and build it up into a plot and so present an experiment in magic completely satisfactory to the artistic sense.

What the master of the magic art never forgets is that dexterity is not an end in itself, it is only one of the means by the aid of which the marvel may be wrought. There are to-day performers of a surpassing skill in the manipulation of cards and coins, capable of feats which would have been the despair of Robert-Houdin and of Robert Heller; and some of them are so enamoured of their own dexterity that in their eagerness for its exhibition they lose sight of unity and totality; and as a result they present a disconcerting huddle of sleights of hand until the amazed spectators lose all sense of progression, as these bewildering effects tumble over one another without any attempt at climax. Such a performance is an empty display of difficulty conquered for its own sake; it is only a sequence of "stunts;" it is mere vanity and vexation of spirit. It is like the favourite Scotch dish, the haggis, which is said to supply only "confused feeding."

It is curious how the principles of the arts have a certain relation and how we can constantly discover parallels in the two wholly different arts. This abuse of dexterity in the art of modern magic is closely akin to the abuse of toe-dancing in the art of the ballet. As the conjurer ought to have dexterity at his command to serve when it is needed, so the accomplished ballet-dancer ought to be able to walk on her toes, when this feat will fit into the scheme of the special dance she has undertaken to perform. But for a dancer to confine herself to the executing of a series of difficult steps involving nothing more than toe-dancing is to circumscribe the range of her art and to accept as the end what ought to be only the means. Here again we have a frank substitution of a single stunt for the larger liberty accorded by a more intelligent understanding of the true principles of the art. The excessive toe-work of the dancer, like the excessive dexterity of the conjurer, is at bottom only what boys call "showing off;" and in the long run even boys tire of this. To descend to showing off is equivalent to the blunder common in bad architecture, when we cannot help seeing that the artist has gone afield to construct his ornament instead of concentrating his effort on ornamenting his construction.

So far from permitting himself ever to show off or to invite attention to his own skill, the master of modern magic is careful always to conceal as far as possible the method by which he accomplishes his wonders. He utilises at will and in conjunction ingenious apparatus and manual dexterity, without ever calling the attention of the spectators to either. He refrains even from turning up his sleeves or from passing for special examination any of the objects he is employing, while taking care to let it be seen accidentally that these objects are really above suspicion. Like the playwright constructing

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a play, the composer of an experiment in magic must ever keep in mind his audience; and he must strive always to foresee the exact impression he is making upon the spectators. Like the playwright, the modern magician must so build up each of his experiments that it seizes the attention of the spectators early, that it arouses their interest, that it holds this interest unrelaxed to the end, and that at last it satisfies while it surprises. This can be achieved only when all the elements of the experiment, the idea itself, the plot, the dexterous devices and the ingenious apparatus which may be necessary are all so combined and controlled and harmonised as to leave on the memory of the audience a clear and consistent impression,—indeed, an impression so sharp that a majority of those who witnessed the experiment could describe it the next day.

It is the disadvantage of the empty display of dexterity for its own sake that fails to leave this definite deposit in the memory; and the spectators are quite unable to recall the central effect. This is generally because there was, in fact, no central effect for them to seize, the performer having scattered his efforts, as though he was using a shot-gun instead of hitting the bull's-eye with a single rifle-shot. The master of the art is careful to economise the attention of his audience, to focus it, so to speak, and to arrange his sequence of effects so adroitly that however multifarious and even complicated may be the means whereby he is achieving his object the result is attained so directly and so simply that it can be apprehended by the spectators readily and instantly. The experiment had been exhibited as though it was the easiest thing in the world, even if it is at the same time perceived to be the most impossible to account for. To arrive at this result the performer must preserve an absolute simplicity of manner; he presents himself as a gentleman amusing himself by amusing other gentlemen, who have come together at his invitation to be amused.

A gentleman amusing other gentlemen —that should be the ideal; and this ideal not only forbids any foolish clowning and any trivial buffoonery on the part of the performer, but it prohibits also any attempt on his part to incite the gentlemen he is amusing to laugh at any one of their own number who may have been kind enough to lend a hat or a watch or to come up on the stage as a volunteer assistant by request. Nothing is cheaper and nothing is in worse taste than for the performer to make personal remarks about any member of his audience or to hold any one of the spectators up to ridicule. The conjurer is a comedian playing the part of a modern magician, but he is not a low-comedian, ready to get a laugh at any price and at the cost of any one else. He may be as pleasant as he can, and as humourous, but he can preserve his own self-respect only by having due regard to the self-respect of all those who have gathered to enjoy his performance. Readers of Robert-Houdin's memoirs will remember how one of the old-school performers used to advertise that he would Eat a Man Alive and how he sprinkled flour and pepper and salt all over the hapless creature who volunteered to be devoured and then proceeded to bite the finger of the disgusted and unfortunate victim. This is most tolerable and not to be endured.

If a demand were to be made for a list of the books likely to be the most useful to those who desire to master the principles of the art of modern magic, we should have to begin by recommending the preliminary perusal of the autobiography of Robert-Houdin, from which a host of useful hints may be gleaned. The Frenchman tells us, for instance, how he once showed off before Torrini and exhibited his manipulative skill over a pack of cards, making a needless display of dexterity, designed to dazzle the eyes of the spectators; and how Torrini pointed out the futility and the disadvantage of this. Then it would be well to consult the invaluable series of volumes on modern magic by "Professor Hoffman," wherein the various tricks and sleights and apparatus are described and illustrated. These books contain what may be called the raw material of

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the art, the processes which the magician can employ at will in building up his larger experiments in magic, each of which should be a complete play in itself. Then, when the student has found out how tricks can be done, he would do well to turn his attention to *Our Magic,* by Mr. Maskelyne and his associate, Mr. David Devant. And from this logical treatise he can learn how experiments in magic ought to be composed. It is from this admirable discussion of the basic principles of modern magic that more than one of the points made in this paper have been borrowed.

Mr. Devant calls attention to the fact that new tricks are common, new manipulative devices, new examples of dexterity and new applications of science, whereas new plots, new ideas for effective presentation, are rare. He describes a series of experiments of his own, some of which utilise again but in a novel manner devices long familiar, while others are new both in idea and in many of the subsidiary methods of execution. One of the most hackneyed and yet one of the most effective illusions in the repertory of the conjurer is that known as the Rising Cards. The performer brings forward a pack of cards, several of which are drawn by members of the audience and returned to the pack, whereupon at the command of the magician they rise out of the pack one after the other in the order in which they were drawn. In the oldest form in which this illusion is described in the books on the art, the pack is placed in a case supported by a rod standing on a base, and the secret of the trick lies on this rod and its base. The rod is really a hollow tube and the base is really an empty box. The tube is filled with sand, on the top of which rests a leaden weight, to which is attached a thread so arranged over and under certain cards as to cause the chosen cards to rise when it descends down the tube; and in putting the cards into the case the conjurer released a valve at the bottom of the tube, so that the sand might escape into the box, whereby the weight was lowered, the thread then doing its allotted work, and the cards ascending into view, no matter how far distant the performer might then be standing.

It seems likely that the invention of this primitive apparatus may have been due to the fact that some eighteenth century conjurer happened to observe the sand running out of an hour-glass and set about to find some means whereby this escape of sand could be utilised in his art. The hollow rod, the escaping sand, and the descending weight have long since been discarded; but the illusion of the Rising Cards survives and is now performed in an unending variety of ways. The pack may be held in the hand of the performer, without the use of any case, or it may be placed in a glass goblet, or it may be tied together with a ribbon and thus suspended from cords that swing to and from almost over the heads of the spectators; and however they may be isolated the chosen cards rise obediently when they are bidden. The original effect subsists, even though the devices differ.

It was left for Mr. Devant to give a new twist to this old illusion. For a full pack of playing cards he substituted ten cards two or three times larger than playing cards and with the ten numerals printed or painted in bold black. These pasteboards are given for examination, and so is a case into which they fit. After they have been duly inspected they are put into the case which is hung from chains. A clean slate is also shown and wrapped up and given to a spectator to hold. Then three members of the audience are invited each to write a number composed of three figures; and these three numbers are added by a fourth spectator. The total is found to be written on the slate; and then at the behest of the performer the cards containing the figures of this total rise in proper sequence out of the case. It may be noted that the writing on the slate is also an old and well-known device, and so is the method of making sure that the total of the three numbers written by different persons shall agree with that already concealed on the slate. Yet these three familiar effects are here united in a refreshingly novel experiment in magic, being now fitted into a

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new plot. The devices themselves are old enough, but Mr. Devant is entitled to full credit for the new combination.

The fundamental principles which Robert-Houdin accepted and which he seems to have taken over from Torrini, Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant have elucidated in their philosophic disquisition; and yet in one particular their practice is not yet level with their preaching. Before Robert-Houdin and Frikell, or at least before Torrini; and even after these three artists had set a better example, the majority of conjurers filled the stage with gaudy apparatus and insisted on its blazing with an unnecessary prodigality of lights. One magician in the middle of the nineteenth century came forward on a stage absolutely dark and suddenly fired a pistol, thereby lighting two hundred candles arranged in pyramids behind him. Another hung his stage with black velvet and adorned it with skulls. Torrini and Robert-Houdin made an approach to the unadorned simplicity of an actual drawing-room, although Robert-Houdin seems to have permitted himself a long shelf at the back of his stage on which his various automatic figures were assembled awaiting their summons to take part in the programme. Even Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant are satisfied with a stage-setting which is frankly only a stage-setting,—as stagey in fact as the ordinary scenery to be seen in a variety show.

Now, it may be admitted that a non-descript set of this sort, vaguely oriental, with arches and curtains, and somewhat suggestive of comic-opera, may not be inappropriate when any one of the bolder illusions is to be presented,—the Box Trick or the Aerial Suspension, the Mystic Cabinet or the Talking Sphinx. Indeed, a special set of scenery is often actually necessary for the presentation of marvels depending mainly on optics or mechanics. But for the first part of the programme, when the performer appears in ordinary evening dress and when he is presenting himself as a gentleman in a drawing-room, amusing other gentlemen, by means of experiments in magic, every one of which may be likened to a little play, why should not the stage-set be that of a drawing-room or of a bachelor's study, as accurately reproduced as similar rooms are reproduced in the modern comedies of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Augustus Thomas? The set accepted by Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant is devoid of the actuality of a real room; it is fantastically stagey; and therefore, it lacks both veracity and dignity.

Sooner or later some modern magician in advance over his rivals will take this final step; and the curtain will rise on a stage with a box-set realistically reproducing a handsome room, with all its decorations and hangings and furniture in harmony, Jacobean in style or Chippendale as the performer's preference may be. There will be chairs and tables in their proper places; there will be book-cases, and window-boxes of flowers, and perhaps a cellarette where the performer may procure any goblet or decanter he needs. There will be a broad desk in the centre with its writing-pad and its book-rack and perhaps its heap of magazines and weekly papers. This will look like a room that has really been lived in; it will have a door in each of the sidewalls; and when the curtain rises the stage will be empty. Then the door-bell will ring, and the servant, will enter at one door and, going across the stage to the other, he will admit his master—the master at last of the truly modern art of magic. The magician will give his hat and coat to the servant who will take them out and who will never appear on the stage again except in response to the master's pressure on the electric button, ordinarily used to summon a servant. And the magician will present his succession of experiments in magic, utilising only the objects which he may borrow from the spectators or which would naturally be found in a gentleman's room. The apparent absence of all apparatus, the naturalness of the environment, the easy simplicity and the convincing reality of the background,—all these elements will coalesce to heighten the effect of the marvels to be wrought by a comedian playing the part of a magician.

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SPECTACLE AND DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THAT spectacle and drama are two different things—so different that they can never be successfully conjoined—was clearly understood by the Elizabethans three hundred years ago. When Ben Jonson wrote a comedy or a tragedy, he produced it on a practically sceneless stage; when he wrote a masque, he produced it with the most sumptuous scenical embellishment. In the first instance, the play was the thing, and the author would not permit his drama to be overlaid with scenery; in the second instance, spectacle was the thing, and the author, holding his dramatic talent in abeyance, merely planned a sequence of processions, songs, and dances that would afford a fitting theme for decoration.

It is absurd to assume that, because Shakespeare produced *The Merchant of Venice* and *Hamlet* on a sceneless stage, he knew nothing about scenery. As a practical man of the theatre, he must have known all that had been done, and all that could be done, on the contemporary stage. He must have known, as scholars know to-day, that the art of scenical embellishment had, in his own sixteenth century, been developed to a very high point in Italy; for his many friends who returned from the conventional Italian tour of the time must have told him of Italian opera. Anybody who will take the trouble to examine the hundreds of engravings of Renaissance Italian stage-sets still extant will perceive that—except in the mere matter of lighting—no scenic artist in the world to-day can do anything that the Italians could not do, and did not do, three centuries ago. Their scenic art was imported to England by Inigo Jones; but, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, the Elizabethan poets refused to spoil their plays with spectacle, and reserved magnificence of setting for their masques. The simple truth of the matter seems to be that Shakespeare did not want scenery in the last act of *The Merchant of Venice,* because he wanted the audience to listen to his lines; and that he did not want scenery in *Hamlet,* because he wanted the spectators, at all times, to focus their attention on the leading actor.

Whenever a spectacle like *The Garden of Paradise* is produced in New York at the present time, the newspapers descant on the "unprecedented" expense of the production. It is our American habit to measure art in dollars and cents. *The Garden of Paradise* is said to have cost $50,000. On February 3, 1633-4, the Gentlemen of the four Inns of Court in London presented before the King and Queen a masque by James Shirley, entitled *The Triumph of Peace.* This production cost £21,000. But money, in the first half of the seventeenth century, was worth more than three times as much as it is worth to-day; and it would cost not less than £63,000 to produce *The Triumph of Peace* on the same lavish scale at the present time. Since the expense of a single performance of this masque of Shirley's amounted to more than $300,000, it is easy to perceive that the expense of a spectacle like *The Garden of Paradise* is not so "unprecedented" after all. If art must be measured in dollars and cents, we should at least be willing to admit that our Elizabethan predecessors excelled us in the art of spectacle.

The text of *The Triumph of Peace* is still extant. It consists almost entirely of descriptions of the scenery, the costumes, and the properties, and directions for the dances and the grand processions. The dialogue, quite obviously, was not intended to be listened to. There are several songs, of course; because music

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was essential to a masque, and it was easier to sing words than to sing *do, re, mi, fa, sol.* These songs are beautifully written; for Shirley was so great a lyrist that it was easier for him to write a good song than a bad one. But it is evident that the poet never for a moment considered this masque as a literary composition. On the title page of the original quarto, his name appears as the "inventor" of the masque, and coincident credit is assigned to Inigo Jones for "the scene and ornament," and to William Lawes and Simon Ives for "the composition of the music."

But when Shirley wrote a play—*The Traitor,* for example—he presented it without adornment, on the traditional inner-and-outer stage of the Elizabethan theatre,—a bare platform, with only a summary hint of scenery behind the arras. When he wanted the public to listen to his lines and care about his characters, he was careful to avoid stage-pictures that would distract attention from his poetry and from his drama. Shirley could "invent" a spectacle, and he could write a play; but he never attempted to do both things at once. He would no more have permitted an expenditure of $300,000 on the production of *The Traitor* than he would have allowed *The Triumph of Peace* to be repeated on a sceneless stage. He could make art either for the eye or for the ear; but he had common sense enough to know that people cannot, at the same time, and with equal eagerness, both look at pictures and listen to words.

"THE GARDEN OF PARADISE"

Considered as a spectacle, *The Garden of Paradise,* by Mr. Joseph Urban, is the most sumptuous and splendid assemblage of stage-pictures ever disclosed on the American stage: considered as a drama, *The Garden of Paradise,* by Mr. Edward Sheldon, is devoid of merit. Mr. Urban's spectacle would have been more enjoyable if it had been accompanied by pantomime and music: Mr. Sheldon's play might have been more interesting if a simpler setting had forced him to think less of his scenery and more of his scenario.

Mr. Urban, who is a native of Austria, has served for some time as the leading scenic artist of the Boston Opera Company. His settings for *The Garden of Paradise* show that he has never carefully considered the difference between an opera and a play. His scenery cries out for music, not for words. Debussy, instead of Mr. Sheldon, should have composed the accompaniment to Mr. Urban's pictures of the fabled world at the bottom of the sea. His picture of the shore by the convent called for the sort of music that Wagner wrote in the second act of *Siegfried:* it did not call for words, and the words supplied by Mr. Sheldon did not sound like Wagner's music. Hence, the two collaborators seemed to be working against each other, instead of combining their talents to produce a common work of art.

It was difficult, under the conditions, to listen attentively to Mr. Sheldon's text; but a critic bent on doing so could discern that it was badly written. In one passage, the author copied the cauldron-scene in *Macbeth;* and, in a more extended passage, he repeated the complication between Viola and Orsino and Olivia. But, instead of writing these passages in a verse that might endure comparison with Shakespeare's, Mr. Sheldon wrote them in a bastard hybrid between verse and prose. He wrote them in an artificial prose that tended evermore to stray unwittingly and irresistibly into pentameter. No style could be more villainous. This was the style that Dickens most frequently fell into when he girded up his loins to slay a child. Not to realise the technical distinction between verse and prose is the most pathetic of pathetic fallacies. When Stevenson caught himself twice dropping into pentameter during the course of a couple of thousand words of prose, he laid aside his pen and cried out against himself as a superannuated bungler.

In outline, Mr. Sheldon's narrative showed neither the summary simplicity of a fairy-story nor the human com-

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plexity of a play. His characters were neither natives of the world of fancy nor citizens of the world of fact. They seemed too commonplace for fairies, not commonplace enough for people like ourselves. To sum up in a phrase, the trouble with the text was that even the most attentive listener could not determine how to take it.

But Mr. Urban, though he seems to have devoted little thought to the special function of the decorator of the modern drama—a function which may be defined in the phrase that the designer of backgrounds should keep his designs in the background,—is a pictorial artist of sumptuous and splendid talents. He enjoys the great advantage of painting in three dimensions instead of two, and the even greater advantage of illuminating his pictures with actual light. His picture of the bridal feast was composed in the traditional manner of Paolo Veronese; but his lighting of the scene transformed it into a dream by Mr. Maxfield Parrish. His scene in the bower of the Queen of the Southland disclosed a magic casement which, because of the depth beyond it, seemed really to be opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn. It was a joy to look at pictures such as these. The pity is that one should have been permitted, throughout this luxury of visualisation, to regret the fact that one was attending the performance of an inefficient play.

"THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBINE"

The Punch and Judy Theatre, which Mr. Charles Hopkins has erected in Forty-ninth Street, near Seventh Avenue, is a thoroughly delightful little playhouse; and, if only the present article were supposed to deal with architecture instead of spectacle and drama, it would be a pleasure to describe it in detail and to compliment Messrs. Murphy and Dana on one of the jolliest interiors in New York. If any reader of this digressive paragraph is blessed with a great family of children, he should be advised to call up Mr. Dana at once and get him to design a nursery. Anybody can build a tomb or a Carnegie Library; but comparatively few architects know how to play.

But those who attended the inaugural offering at the Punch and Judy Theatre were happier before the curtain rose than afterward. *The Marriage of Columbine,* by Mr. Harold Chapin, was too fantastic to be accepted as a work of realism, too realistic to be accepted as a work of fantasy. Columbine is living happily with Scaramouche and with the three children she has born him. She has never been formally married to him; because, in the world of blissful ignorance in which she has been reared, she has never heard of the existence of a marriage-ceremony. The circus of which Scaramouche is the leader is performing in a very respectable English town. A sanctimonious local editor tells Columbine that she is living in a state of sin, and persuades her that her soul will be damned eternally unless she runs away from Scaramouche, deserts her children, and allows herself to be legally married to himself.

The trouble with this complication is that it is impossible to believe in the coexistence of Columbine and the puritanical editor within the limits of the same imagined world. Columbine might have stepped out of Rostand's *Les Romanesques,* and the puritan might have stepped out of *Hindle Wakes.* These antithetic moods destroy each other, and inhibit the illusion of any sort of life, either actual or fanciful.

NEW PLAYS AT THE PRINCESS

The most impressive play in the new bill at the Princess Theatre is a plea for peace, entitled *Across the Border,* by Beulah Marie Dix, who, in the past, has written many plays and tales of war. A junior lieutenant, leading a forlorn hope, is shot down and dangerously wounded. He drifts into a delirium, during the course of which he is made to realise for the first time the unpardonable iniquity of war. In his dream, he bursts violently

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into the home of a peasant family living peacefully in the midst of the invaded country. His martial threats are killed with kindness; and he is made to feel that, in that family, no one wishes harm to anyone, not even to himself. Next, he finds himself in a drear region of whistling winds and stifling cold; and here his soul suffers a purgation which makes him bitterly repent that false religion of militarism in which he has been brought up from his boyhood. He awakes from his delirium in an army hospital. He cries out a tangled tale of all that he has seen and heard and suffered in his dream, and exhorts his comrades to desist from their infernal business of murder; but no one listens to his ravings, and he dies without the least response of sympathy. This timely preachment was conceived by the author with a sincerity that is almost terrible; and it is rendered in a play that takes a strong grip on the emotions.

In the same programme, there is a little comedy by Mr. George Ade, entitled *Nettie*. It follows the traditional pattern of telling a comic anecdote three times, with a consequent accretion to the humour at each recital. Nettie is a young woman who has pursued precisely the same tactics in dangling three separate suitors. By accident, the men meet and compare notes. Any practiced playwright could extract half an hour's fun from this always interesting complication; and Mr. Ade, with his rich fund of humour, is easily equal to the undertaking.

The Fog is a very well made one-act melodrama by Mr. Frederick Truesdell. A sea-captain, returning from a long voyage to his home in the East End of London, discovers that his wife has been untrue to him and that she is about to go to a ball with her paramour. There is a thick fog outside; and a gentleman in evening dress blunders into the doorway, seeking shelter. To shield her lover, the guilty wife allows her husband to believe that this stranger is her paramour. The husband slays him. Then, when the actual lover enters with the tickets to the ball, the husband perceives his mistake. He dashes out and locks the door. Through a broken panel, he cries out to the guilty couple, "Which of you will confess that you killed him? Fix it up between yourselves." Then he escapes into the fog.

In *The Denial,* by Mr. J. B. Larrie, a murderer who is about to be electrocuted in Sing Sing persuades his aged mother that he is not her son, and thereby goes to his death with her imprecations, instead of her lamentations, in his ears. This anecdote is incredible, and appears quite obviously to have been fabricated for the sake of mere theatrical effect. *The Denial* is therefore devoid of merit as a work of art.

"AT THE BARN"

Six or seven years ago, Mr. Anthony P. Wharton, a young dramatist of Dublin, wrote a powerful and revolting play, entitled *Irene Wycherley,* which was acted in New York. His recent comedy, entitled *At the Barn,* is not revolting, but neither is it powerful. Can it be that Mr. Wharton is more at home in an atmosphere of ugliness than in an atmosphere of charm?

In *At the Barn,* a chorus-girl who has been made a musical-comedy "star" by the money of a millionaire who loves her is dishonest and unsportsmanlike enough to run away from him before fulfilling her share of a bargain that has been frankly made. Mr. Wharton apparently regards her defection as a sign of virtue. But whether a woman who takes money and refuses to give herself is more or less virtuous than a woman who gives herself for money is a question for moralists, rather than dramatic critics, to determine.

This heroine invades the country-home of three confirmed bachelors whom she has never met. She remains there for a fortnight. Her presence scandalises the neighbours; but she darns enough socks to make the leader of the bachelors fall in love with her. When her millionaire patron reappears to claim her,

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the leading bachelor tells him to go away again. Then he renounces his pretensions to the character of Benedick and opens his arms to the heroine.

This comedy is lacking in reality. "People don't do such things"; and Mr. Wharton cannot persuade us that they do. Much of the dialogue is rather prettily written; but there is a "literary" tinge about it that is undesirable in a comedy that apparently aspires to imitate the look of life.

"POLYGAMY"

The only trouble with *Polygamy,* a sincerely conceived and well-constructed play by Mr. Harvey O'Higgins and Miss Harriet Ford, is that, in order to sympathise with the characters, it is necessary to believe in a belief in Mormonism. The leading man, who is instinctively monogamous, is happily established as a husband and a father. The Prophet of the Mormon Church orders him, against his will, to take a second wife. Being a Mormon, he obeys the Church and does so; but a New York audience, not composed of Mormons, wonders why he does not take his wife and children and escape over the border into an adjacent State. His abject obedience to the Prophet results in many woes which are essentially dramatic. This pattern of causation is true enough to the facts of life in Utah; but it does not seem true to an audience unfamiliar with these facts.

If, in some hypothetic region—say the Island of Saghalien—every inhabitant utterly believed that if he walked across the street he would damn his soul eternally, it would be intensely dramatic for some native, for what seemed to him sufficient cause, to cross the street. But, if this action were represented in New York as a dramatic climax, it would seem ineffective to an audience accustomed to crossing the street a dozen times a day with no misgivings of the soul. A common convention of ethics must be established between the people behind the footlights and the people in front of the footlights before any moral problem can be successfully debated in the theatre.

"THE BIG IDEA"

The Big Idea, by Messrs. A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton, may be described as an ingenious entertainment. The piece began in the mood of tragedy and ended in the mood of farce; and, between these two extremes, it was kept continually oscillating through the intervening moods of melodrama, comedy, romance. It was the project of the authors to incorporate within a single pattern as many as possible of the conventional devices that are current in the popular drama of the day, and to render this complex pattern unconventional by involving it in an atmosphere of satiric fantasy.

In other words, *The Big Idea* was conceived as a piece of play-making that should fantastically satirise the craft of making plays,—even as Voiture, in his famous Rondeau of the Rondeau, made fun of the form that he was illustrating. For this type of entertainment we have a classic instance in *Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire,* —a well-made play that laughs at itself and at all other well-made plays, as it proceeds along its ostensibly conventional course.

Considered as a whole, and judged in reference to life, *The Big Idea* was a preposterous composition; yet no one of the events that were woven into its fantastic pattern was, considered by itself, impossible nor even exceedingly improbable. Any one of these events might reasonably have happened in life; yet the purpose of the authors was to remind the audience continually that their patterned series of events could happen only in a play—the sort of play that they were making fun of in the very act of writing it.

The advantage of a piece of this sort, which toys with many moods at once,—is that it stimulates in the responsive spectator a mood of mental alertness that leads him to enjoy his own gymnastics even more than he enjoys the acrobatics

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of the authors. The disadvantage is that an irresponsive spectator may be bored by the disillusioning unreality of the whole proceeding. To present a play frankly as a piece of playmaking, instead of as an imitation of life, is to violate the traditional respect for the theatre as a place of make-believe; and whether or not it can ever be worth while to make fun of an artistic medium in terms of that medium itself remains for future critics to determine.

SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE fact that three of the most interesting novels of the current month deal more or less directly with the lives and destinies of English sovereigns would seem to point to a revival of the historical novel. And although this prospect is somewhat discounted by the discovery that the authors of the three novels in question are Robert Hugh Benson, Mary Johnston and J. C. Snaith, all three of whom have already made reputations in this class of fiction, yet it is equally true that Monsignor Benson has not limited himself to the type, that Miss Johnston has of late years tended at least to come nearer to contemporary events, and that Mr. Snaith is far better known for his *Broke of Covenden* and *Araminta,* both of them novels of the manners of to-day, than for his fantastic and somewhat Rabelaisian romance, *Fortune.*

"ODDSFISH!"

Of the three stories in question, *Oddsfish!* by Robert Hugh Benson, is easily the finest piece of work. It concerns the adventures, the aspirations and the moral and spiritual development of a young man who, discovering that he has not the true vocation for the priesthood, and that he can be of greater use to his church by mingling with the world, leaves Rome, where he has been undergoing his novitiate, and proceeds to London in the capacity of the Pope's unofficial envoy to King Charles II. It is known at Rome that the times are almost ripe for the restoration of the Catholic religion in England; that the king himself inclines in that direction, and that while he does not yet dare to declare himself, nevertheless, he does crave for the presence of a priest or at least some one having direct authority from the Church, with whom to discuss spiritual matters. From the arrival of this very youthful envoy in London, we are ushered into the privacy of the king's life and thoughts; and in the pages which follow we get a picture of that curious and evasive character, self-willed and self-satisfied, weak and vacillating, a perpetual contradiction, a puzzle to himself and others,—a picture drawn with such fine insight, such seriousness of purpose, that it places the volume on the border-line between fic-

*Oddsfish! An Historical Novel. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Witch. By Mary Johnston. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Anne Feversham. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Shifting Sands. By Mrs. Romilly Fedden. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Strange Woman. By Sidney McCall. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Pelle the Conqueror: Apprenticeship. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Three Sisters. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Landmarks. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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tion and history. As a reflection of the spirit of the age, the bigotry, the superstition, the fanatical bitterness, that culminated in the martyrdom of innocent priests; and equally as a brilliant and vivid pageant of court life, with its intrigues, its loves and jealousies, this volume holds the attention with the insistence of a photodrama; while with fine artistry all its lights and shadows lead the eye and the mind to the inevitable end, the death-bed of the king and the downfall of all hope for the restoration of the Church of Rome in England.

"THE WITCH"

The best chapter in Mary Johnston's story of *The Witch* is by a curious parallel, also an account of a royal death-bed, that of Queen Elizabeth,—with this difference, that the chapter opens the volume, instead of closing it. Structurally, the death of the aged queen has no bearing upon the story that Miss Johnston has to tell; it simply serves to indicate the date of her setting, and this it does with such grim, relentless vividness that the picture remains a haunting one; and though, perhaps, you never before had greatly cared whether Elizabeth once lived, you could never again forget that she once died. But the story of *The Witch* is not of Elizabeth nor of her times, but of an orphan girl inexperienced in the world's ways and incapable of conceiving the cruelty begotten by the superstition and religious intolerance of the gloomy years under Elizabeth's successor. When old Roger Heron died, his daughter Joan saw no harm in living on alone in the little cottage that was so dear to her, though somewhat isolated in Hawthorn Forest, outside of Hawthorn Village. But gossip soon became busy with her name. She had few friends, she modestly shunned the none too respectful attentions of the young men from the village, she had a cat, and, most damning evidence of all, she had been seen talking in kindly fashion with a poor, half-starved old crone who had a reputation for evil communion with the devil. But her undoing came from quite another source: Harry Carthew, one of the high social dignitaries of the county, and although young in years, a model of sanctity and pillar of the church, happened to cast eyes upon Joan Heron, and from that moment began to wrestle with temptation. More than once he found his way to Joan's lonely cottage, in spite of her indignant repulses of a love that had nothing honourable to offer. And finally, one night, he loses his head, resorts to violence, and the sounds of loud voices are heard by passing villagers, who see a man's shadow on the drawn curtain, but upon entering, find Joan alone with her cat, Carthew having escaped through a back door. What further proof of witchcraft was wanted? Obviously, her cat was Joan's "familiar," a creature of evil who could at will assume the shape of a man. And, to draw the net closer, fate involves still another character, a man of education and intelligence beyond his times, a free thinker who, after having been imprisoned in France for heresy, has at last found a quiet retreat in this sleepy village of Hawthorn, where he can find leisure to finish his life work, a study of religion and philosophy from the agnostic standpoint. When a wave of fierce intolerance is started by the inflammatory preachings of Master Clement, a fanatical preacher, there is a great hue and cry after the witches who have been spreading disease and death in the peaceful village, and Joan Heron is among the victims. And when it becomes known that she is on friendly terms with the agnostic scholar, and his house is searched and his daring book discovered, he also is condemned to the flames. It is a pity that the author did not close her story right here, for up to this point it is a consistent, firmly knit story, vivid and poignant. But henceforward it degenerates into sheer melodrama. How the man and the girl elude their jailers; how disguised in male apparel, she accompanies him to the coast; how they take passage on the ship *Silver Queen,* are identified by the superstitious sailors and set adrift; how they eventually find

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refuge with a tribe of friendly American Indians, marry and enjoy a brief happiness; how the Indian tribe is attacked and annihilated by Spanish pirates and the white couple escape to a lonely island, leaving their only child's dead body behind them; and lastly, how they are rescued years later by an English vessel and brought back to London, only to be recognised and to suffer their long-deferred martyrdom,—all this you may read to the finish, if you have the patience. The whole latter half of the story is a most glaring reversion to the *picaresco* type; none of these adventures is necessary to the story, yet on the other hand, there was nothing to prevent the author from amplifying them to another two hundred thousand words. It is an amorphous form of narrative and sadly mars what would have made a shorter story of gem-like hardness and brilliance.

"ANNE FEVERSHAM"

The third historical novel is Mr. Snaith's *Anne Feversham,* a bold and not unworthy attempt to imagine a series of romantic happenings such as might have served Shakespeare as the basic idea of *As You Like It.* A certain Gervase Heriot, wrongfully accused of complicity with a Papal plot against the life of the queen, has been arrested and flung into jail, Sir John Feversham, constable of Nottingham, being responsible for his safekeeping. Now it happens that Sir John has a rebellious daughter, Anne, insolent with the consciousness of her young beauty and budding womanhood; and against his commands she dares not only to ride into town accompanied only by her groom, but to don for the purpose male attire, which, though lately adopted by some of the more advanced women of social prominence, was in his eyes the badge of shame. Anne, at the present day, would be a fair representative of the New Woman; in the Elizabethan age she was an anomaly, a rebel against parental authority, and as such to be dealt with like an unruly dog. At least so thought Sir John, who, to the young woman's impotent anger and humiliation, proceeded to try the virtues residing in a long black whip in a scene the details of which Mr. Snaith kindly spares us. When later we again see her Anne is simply a crushed and woebegone young female, robbed of the last remnant of her self-importance, and possessed of but one desire, namely to escape once and forever from the home that has become unbearable. She happens to be confined in a cell adjoining that of Heriot, and through an opening high up in the wall the two discover each other, exchange confidences and form plans for escape, which are subsequently carried out. To hide her identity, Anne once again assumes the garb of a man; and we may picture her as the living counterpart of the traditional Rosalind of Shakespeare's comedy. As luck will have it, the two refugees encounter a troupe of strolling players, who prove to be none other than Burbage and his company, including the great playwright himself. And because Heriot can play sweetly on a flute and Anne has a comely presence, the two are taken in as welcome members. Meanwhile a hue and cry has gone out after the truants; Sir John has gone promptly to the queen, to report his failure in duty; and the queen has promptly imprisoned him in the Tower until such time as it shall please her to have him executed. The news presently reaches Anne, whose first impulse is to fly to London, give herself up, thus inevitably betraying Heriot, and sue for her father's pardon. But Shakespeare has a better plan. His company has been commanded to play before the queen on an important occasion in the near future; and his plan is nothing more nor less than to write a new play built around Anne, her disguise, her wanderings in English woodlands, and to let her play the leading part. Then, if the play finds favour with the queen, she may perhaps be moved to royal clemency. Meanwhile, also through Shakespeare's ingenuity, evidence of Heriot's innocence has been obtained from his villainous old uncle, whom the players visit at night in the

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semblage of ghosts, and so play upon his superstitions that he signs a confession with his last dying effort. Of course, the rest of the story need not be told in detail, for the plans succeed without a falter, the happy couple are united with the royal sanction and even old Sir John is at last moved to forgive the daughter who has brought him to shame. Not a great story, to be sure, but pleasingly told, with vividness and no little humour.

"THE STRANGE WOMAN"

It sometimes happens that a reviewer likes a certain book far better than strictly logical reasoning tells him he should. Such a book is *The Strange Woman,* by Sidney McCall. It is often crude in workmanship, its sense of the passage of time is deficient, its characters are overdrawn and one at least of the closing scenes suddenly converts a refined and sensitive woman into an undisciplined virago. And yet it compels a liking that amounts to real affection. And the reason why is tantalisingly elusive. There is nothing especially original in the plot. John Hemingway, young in years and still younger in experience of life, but blessed with that inestimable blessing, a good mother, goes to Paris to study art. Incidentally he scandalises the narrow little Western town of his birth by doing so. The first year is uneventful; he is homesick, he even hates the singing of the birds because they seem to sing in French. Then, all of a sudden, he meets Inez Pierrefond, loses his heart and almost loses his head. Mme. Pierrefond is a woman embittered by an unhappy marriage; she divorced her husband, who is now dead. She is disillusioned to such an extent that she has vowed never to bind herself again. She believes in the full emancipation of women, in their right to live their own lives, regardless of conventional morality. And such is the magic of her personality that John Hemingway, at first scandalised, pained, bitterly wounded, little by little is hypnotised into agreement with her, and is almost persuaded to take her on her own terms. But of her ultra-modern tendencies he writes no word to his mother, but merely lets her know that he has found the one woman in the world for him, and that, the three years of his studies being over, he has persuaded her to return on the same steamer with him, and that later she will pay them a visit, so that his mother may learn to know her. The first half of the book, covering the years in Paris, is full of charm, and the personality of Inez, in her own setting, and with the glamour of the Parisian atmosphere around her, diffuses a very real magnetism, that the reader feels as well as the lover. But when we see the same woman introduced into the conventional narrowness of an American Western town, subjected to the petty jealousies, the slights and snubs, the suspicions and veiled insults that her own attitude inevitably draws forth, the author has not been able to keep her quite consistent, quite in key; and when the climax comes and she openly faces her enemies and without sparing words, accuses them to their faces of hypocrisy, infidelity and shame, she comes painfully near to proving herself a vulgarian. The one redeeming note in these later chapters is the wise sanity of the steadfast, clear-sighted old mother, who, seeing deeply into the character of her future daughter-in-law, reads her better than she reads herself, and finally forces her to confess, in effect if not precisely in these words, "You have conquered me. I meant to be true to my theories, I did not mean to marry your son; but I can't disappoint you, because you have believed in me." Altogether, a story well worth liking, even if you cannot tell precisely why.

"SHIFTING SANDS"

Shifting Sands, by Mrs. Romilly Fedden, has apparently abundant elements for success, and yet the reader feels vaguely that it somehow fails to get its effects. The explanation lies in the fact that the author has tried to write two kinds of story at once, a mystery story and an analytical study of character. Now, a mystery story depends for its

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interest upon having the problem to be solved placed clearly before us at the start and kept before us in the central focus continuously until its final solution. A study of character, on the contrary, demands a full knowledge from the start of the facts which constitute the mystery; otherwise we are not enlightened but merely puzzled by the actions of a character to the motives of which we lack the essential key. In *Shifting Sands* all that we are told is that Jean Dimmock's mother dies suddenly, her father is prostrated with grief and wanders out the night after the funeral to his wife's grave, where he is found the next morning with his head crushed in, apparently from a blow with a spade. The little girl thus orphaned is benevolently adopted by Dr. John Erskine, the local physician, known for miles around for his sterling goodness and open-hearted generosity. From this point onward the story apparently is a study of a little girl's development through adolescence into womanhood. The father's violent death has been allowed to drop out of sight until we have forgotten it; and the physician goes along his beaten track as though he, too, had never heard of Dimmock's fate, nor cared almost too well for Jean's mother. The only odd thing upon which the author lays emphasis is that when Jean is on the verge of womanhood and is unconsciously growing to hold him dearer than a mere guardian, he sends her to Europe, keeps her there for two or three years and seems to find a strange satisfaction in the rumour of her engagement to an Englishman, although it is all the time evident that his own heart is aching for a glimpse of her. And then, quite without warning, when Jean rebels, returns home and practically does the proposing herself, the doctor makes the astounding revelation that it is he who killed her father. Grave robbing by the students of a neighbouring medical school had been only too common in the earlier days, and both the doctor and the dead woman's husband had gone on the fatal night to guard her grave; each had mistaken the other for a ghoulish thief, and in the struggle which followed the doctor had unwittingly killed his friend. The climax fails in its purpose for lack of adequate preparation.

"PELLE THE CONQUEROR: APPRENTICESHIP"

Discriminating readers of the initial volume of the remarkable tetralogy *Pelle the Conqueror,* by the Danish novelist, Martin Andersen Nexö, which detailed the boyhood of the hero on a northern farm, will need no urging to continue their acquaintance with him in the second volume which bears the sub-title, "Apprenticeship." The time for a detailed analysis of this fine, sane and undeniably big piece of fiction will come when we have all of its component parts before us, when we can see the full structural pattern in its finality and note the inter-relation of each to all. Seeing it in instalments only, there is danger that the critic, carried away by the excellence of this or that episode, this or that touch of character, will tend to over-praise in his first enthusiasm; so it is with a certain reserve that the opinion is here expressed that *Pelle the Conqueror* suggests comparison with nothing less than some ambitious masterpiece of architecture, some majestic cathedral, built in all reverence and faith. The nave may rejoice us with its soaring columns, the façade may be a miracle of wrought stone, the spires faultless in their slender grace; yet it is not separately but in their completed and combined beauty that they are to be judged, that they cease to be nave and façade and spires, and become a cathedral. Meanwhile, it is our pleasure and our privilege to watch the structure grow. May the last crowning stone of *Pelle the Conqueror* prove worthy of the splendid promise of these earlier parts.

"THE THREE SISTERS"

The simplest way in which to sum up the main lesson contained in Miss Sinclair's latest story, *The Three Sisters,*

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is to say that it teaches the folly and futility of any human being attempting to decide the destinies of others, even of those nearest and dearest. It would be unfair to an admirable and discriminating character study that this is all there is to be found in what is perhaps the strongest book of Miss Sinclair's later period. The different characters of the three sisters who form the central interest, their contrasted views of love and marriage and of life in general taken all together form a sympathetic and probing study of feminine psychology. But the essence of the story can nevertheless be summed up in few words. Imagine one of these sisters for the first time facing the offer of a worthy man's love; imagine further that the conviction is forced upon her that another sister has secretly given her heart to this same man. If she herself could be removed, the man might in time come to care for the other. So the first sister sacrifices herself, goes away, believing she has acted for the best and that the man who would fain have been her husband will become her brother-in-law. And in this belief she is a true prophet, excepting in one little detail, namely, that instead of marrying sister number two, he elects to choose for himself and take sister number three.

"LANDMARKS"

The author of *Landmarks,* Mr. E. V. Lucas, defines the volume as a "Moving Picture Novel," by which he means that his method has been to take up successive significant details in his hero's life and tell each by itself briefly, with the swift movement, the clear visualisation that make up the chief charm of the photo-drama as it flashes into action on the screen. As to the sort of incidents that really have an influence upon us, he philosophises as follows:

> It is curious how few landmarks even a long life need contain and even more curious how lasting can be the effect of what seem to be trivial occurrences and experiences; words even, lightly spoken by others, which fall on soil to that very instant prepared for them; casual wayside meetings; actions of total strangers, and so forth. Not until later can we distinguish the influential from the unimportant. It is as though a few drops of water sank into the duck's back.

And so, in his chronicles of the life of Rudd Sergison from his early boyhood down to the day of his marriage, the successive episodes related by Mr. Lucas have none of that obvious inter-relation that is customary in a novel of the conventional type. Characters and actions flash before us and are gone and forgotten, until later, under far other circumstances, a chance happening, a tag-end of speech from these bygone days leaps back into Rudd Sergison's mind and materially alters his destiny. The book shows extreme sympathy and wise understanding in regard to youth and its foibles and blunders. Especially good are the chapters dealing with young Sergison's various experimental and abortive love affairs; his sudden disillusion in regard to Miss Dewsberry, who could talk of no subject but herself; his indiscreet attentions to Rose Addison, the pretty servant with "an attractive East Anglican accent," and his hasty retreat when he realised that the episene was more serious to her than to him; his sudden awakening to the shallowness of Miss Lasker, who fulsomely praised one of his own stories as greater than Dickens; and finally his meeting his fate in the form of a girl who answered to the name of Helen and who, so far as the reader can see, was just as likely to disillusion him sooner or later as the others had been. In fact, we are quite impressed with the discernment of Sergison's Uncle Ben, as he watches the train pull out, bearing away the happy bridal pair. "If he doesn't grow out of her!" says Uncle Ben.

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SOME LIGHT FICTION*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

WHOEVER loves a fight, first and last, will like the Baroness Orczy's latest story, *The Laughing Cavalier,* for all the male characters, good, bad, and indifferent, are fighting hard when they are not making love. This is supposed to be the adventure of an ancestor of the Scarlet Pimpernel; but whether it is or not is of small moment. What counts is that there is a desperate villain who abducts the lovely daughter of a rich Haarlem merchant and a gallant swordsman who always comes to the maid's rescue in the nick of time. The fights for the maiden make up the story. "When in doubt, fight," seems to have been the motto of everybody in Holland in 1623. At every tenth page it seems to be all up with the Laughing Cavalier and the beautiful maid. He is fighting, six to one, with his back against the wall, and she is a helpless prisoner in the hands of the enemy. The Baroness gets her precious pair into situations which look utterly hopeless to any one who doesn't know the Baroness. And if her readers are thrilled at every tenth page, it is a delightful thrill, for they know that it is all right. The Laughing Cavalier and the lovely Gilda Beresteyn are safe and sound in each other's arms when the story ends. The Baroness has asides concerning Maurice of Orange, Franz Hals, Dutch politics, and so on, but burning love under difficulties make all else in the book cold by comparison.

Adventure is also the theme of *The Prince of Graustark,* in which George Barr McCutcheon draws again from that wonderful principality that he has put upon the map. But here we are in the realm of the fantastic and the impossible in which the reader turns over the pages with curiosity to see if anything more extraordinary can happen than has already happened. And it always does. The Prince is a manly young fellow who comes to America to raise money for his bankrupt states. Mr. William W. Blithers, multi-billionaire, who seems to carry most of the banks of America and Europe in his pockets, decides that he will buy the Prince for his only daughter, Maud, no matter what the cost and no matter what she thinks of the decision. The fact that Maud is in love with an American pauper, a young fellow with hardly ten millions to his name, is of no importance to Mr. Blithers. He makes the Prince's acquaintance and offers to pay Graustark's national debt. The Prince does not like the idea of selling himself, but consents to take a look at Maud. Then there is trouble, for Maud keeps out of the Prince's way and escapes to Europe. But the wily Blithers makes sure that she goes on the same ship with the Prince, where of course

*The Laughing Cavalier. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Prince of Graustark. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Saturday's Child. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Twenty-fourth of June. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Selina. By George Madden Martin. New York: Appleton and Company.

Kent Knowles: "Quahaug." By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: Appleton and Company.

The House of Toys. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Quinneys'. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

The Wall of Partition. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: George H. Putnam's Sons.

In My Youth. By Robert Dudley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Big Tremaine. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Pastor's Wife. By the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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they are sure to meet and fall in love. He is so certain of the outcome that he follows by the next boat and hurries to Edelweiss, the capital of Graustark, in order to have the castle renovated for the happy pair. Just at this point there is a little surprise, quite a clever bit of work on Mr. McCutcheon's part, by which he fools Mr. Blithers and his readers in a delightful way. Mr. and Mrs. Blithers are caricatures, the whole story is an absurdity, and yet it is carried off with so much dash that one forgets the critical sneer in a laugh. The only serious part of the story, if it can be called serious, is the love making between the Prince and the girl, which is daintily and wittily done.

In *Saturday's Child,* which is announced as Mrs. Norris's longest work, we have a good sketch of a girl gifted with everything but money who has a hard time of it, but, of course, comes out triumphant in the end. As a matter of fact we have our doubts whether this Susan Brown, the paragon of the book, would have escaped the fire had it not been necessary to wind up the story satisfactorily to those readers who would never forgive the author had it ended otherwise. Susan is a young girl of beauty, wit, lack of everyday wisdom, and a disposition so sunny that every man she meets falls in love with her. At the office where she works the boss's son gives her flowers and admiration; at her boarding house the best young man there adores her. When she flees from these admirers and becomes the companion of a rich woman, the famous English novelist of the day offers to get a divorce from his wife in England and take Susan with him to that beautiful place, the end of the world. The worst of it is that he wants to take her with him before he has obtained his divorce, and Susan is weak enough to agree. They are prevented only by an accident from sailing together. He sails off thinking that Susan is on board, while she goes back to her drudgery, wondering whether she was right or wrong. The trouble with Susan is that no girl of her brains would have wondered at all. Then the poor young man of her boarding house turns up and Susan discovers that she has loved him all along. The fact that she has been in love with about every man in the book who chose to give her soft words and candy, and that she has been at some time quite ready to run away with him, married or unmarried, does not seem to disturb this wonderful Billy. Need it disturb the reader? It is only in books that paragons can do this sort of thing and remain paragons. Seriously, however, does Mrs. Norris think it wise to hold up Susan as a model for her legion of girl readers? Many of her readers may think that running away to Europe with a married man who some day intends to get a divorce is not such an awful thing after all, if Susan Brown can intend to do it and yet marry her Billy in the end. As a model for the shop girls whose talk and lives Mrs. Norris sketches with skill and care, is Susan not a dangerous young thing?

A very different sort of girl is the heroine of Mrs. Grace S. Richmond's *The Twenty-fourth of June.* Roberta Gray is the sort of girl who always does the right thing. She is as perfect as the Gentle Jane of Gilbert's "Patience" ballad. She was as good as gold and always did as she was told. And, of course, in the end she is given in marriage not to a "first-class earl who keeps his carriage," but to something far better, to the handsome Richard Kendrick, who is as perfect in his way as the lovely Roberta. There are no problems here, but a simple pleasant account of the love affairs of simple people.

Nor are there problems of great depth either in Mrs. Martin's latest book, *Selina,* or in *The House of Toys,* by Henry Russell Miller. In the first-named the heroine undertakes to settle the question whether or not daughters are expected to solve their economic problems through marriage. Selina has to earn her living. She is neither wonderfully beautiful nor clever nor wise—just an average girl of good instincts. As in Mrs. Martin's *Emmy Lou,* there is phi-

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losophy of a homely, useful sort sprinkled through a book that is always wholesome. David in *The House of Toys* is a young architect who marries the pretty girl without brains and wakes up to find that in adversity she is less than nothing to him. Of course, another woman with brains appears and for a time there is danger of shipwreck all around, the story ending without a solution of the puzzle. There is some excellent work descriptive of the gradual awakening of a man who lives in a fool's paradise until he finds himself in just the opposite place. The character of the girl wife who wants luxuries and pretty clothes more than all else simply because her horizon is limited to such things, is nicely done. So also is that of the man who helps David to his feet when he slips, the inventor with the ugly face but a heart of gold. Altogether there are good bits all through the book.

Mr. Lincoln takes rather a new and ambitious flight in *Kent Knowles: Quahaug*. To be sure we are still on Cape Cod. As in so many other pleasant books of his, the pages are full of the tang of the ocean air across the sand dunes, and his characters belong to the soil or rather the sand, for there is no soil to speak of on the real Cape. But the great innovation is that the chief actors in the story get away from Cape Cod to find extraordinary adventures in London and Paris. Kent Knowles, "Quahaug," otherwise clam, in the Indian language, decides that he has written himself out and wants a change. Abetted by his publisher, he goes to England, taking with him an elderly relative, one Hephzy, who has never in her life been as far as Boston. What she does in Europe, what she thinks of Europe, and what Europe thinks of her make up the humour of the story. In London the two wanderers come across a little niece, Frances, the daughter of Hephzy's dead sister, who ran away with an English rascal twenty years before the story begins. Kent falls in love with her, and when she, rather than live on his charity, runs away to Paris, he follows. He finds her singing ballads in the famous, or infamous, Abbaye de Thélème, the all-night *café-chantant* of Montmartre. Kent has heard that she was singing at the Abbaye, which he imagines must be a sort of church. An evening there enlightens him. He is horrified, but has the joy of rescuing little Frances and taking her home with Hephzy to Cape Cod, where the good old aunt promises to teach her niece how to make real clam chowder. We confess that we do not exactly see the former star of the Abbaye de Thélème leading a contented life on Cape Cod, even with no end of clam chowders in sight, but that is where Mr. Lincoln leaves her. Much of the humour is rather trite, but Mr. Lincoln knows his Cape Codders as few men do and he makes them behave in foreign parts as real natives of the Cape might do. Aunt Hephzy's astonishment over the ways of London and Paris, together with her comments upon the lack of decency, propriety and common sense among benighted foreigners, make up an amusing budget.

To a bric-a-brac collector Mr. Vachell's *Quinneys'* will prove absorbing if for no other reason than that the background of his story is an antiquity shop in which every fraud known to the business is described at length. The owner of Quinneys' is a young man whose father made a fortune by selling imitation antiques as genuine. When the old man dies the son resolves to do an honest business. The way of the reformer is a hard one, so hard in this case that after twenty years of honest struggle he succumbs to temptation and allows a rascally colleague to help him in making up some "fake" antiques, some chairs which he sells, of course to an American collector, at an enormous price, twenty times their value as reproductions. Love, however, interferes with rascality and Quinney's daughter is the instrument through which her father is brought back to honesty—much against his will. Both the love stories in the book, for there are two, first that of Quinney and his young wife, and then

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that of the daughter, are told with skill. The struggle of the young wife to hold her husband's heart when he is wholly absorbed by antique tables and chairs, is well done. While as to the tricks of bric-à-brac sharps, there are some here that even veteran collectors may find interesting. The making of "genuine modern antiques" is a business in itself, as everybody knows, but few realise what ingenuity and skill are devoted to it.

How well Mrs. Barclay can write is shown once more in *The Wall of Partition*. The first half of the book, especially, goes far to explain her popularity. It is not great work, not very deep, not matter to set any literary Thames afire, but it is interesting. The suspense is sustained, the story is told with skill and the action moves with life. The hero is a man who lost the love of his life because, when out of his mind through brain fever, he wrote ardent love letters to the nurse who took care of him, and these letters fell into the hands of his betrothed. She read one and fled without asking for explanations. She tears his image from her heart and allows herself to be married to a man she does not love, while the hero wanders abroad, brooding over woman's inconstancy and acquiring fame as a novelist. Ten years pass. He returns to London, having published the book of his career, in which he tells his own story. He establishes himself in the apartment of a friend who is away. But his privacy is constantly broken by the telephone, for his friend's number is that formerly belonging to a hospital, and there are constant calls upon it for the doctor or matron. The hero is patient and gives the new number to each caller. Then comes over the 'phone a woman's voice which recalls to him that of the adored one. The caller wants the matron, but the hero manages so that every evening at a certain hour he has a few moments' talk with the woman whose voice reminds him of so much. Of course it is the wonderful girl of long ago, now a widow, who knows that her lost love is next door, at the other end of the wire. She has read his new book and has at last understood and forgiven. When the two finally meet, she tells him so, and at about this point the book loses much of its quality. The man behaves like a boor—he says that suffering has hardened him. He will not forgive or forget or take what she offers. Then there is some melodrama in the shape of a worthless woman, the wife of his best friend, who makes trouble, and for a time it looks as if all that telephoning across the wall of partition, dividing two hearts, was going to be in vain. Love conquers in the end. But if Mrs. Barclay could have maintained her story on the level of the first two hundred pages she would have accomplished something far more worth while. The whole episode of that telephoning to an unknown mysterious speaker who talks tantalisingly of his books, of love and life, is capitally done. Melodrama spoils a good deal of the rest, for melodrama will spoil anything. Nevertheless *The Wall of Partition* will hold its thousands of readers and deserves to do so.

In My Youth is a decidedly interesting picture of life among the Quaker settlers of Indiana, seventy or eighty years ago. Robert Dudley, who tells the story, was the son of a farmer and a leading spirit among the Friends. He sketches admirably the existence of these simple people. His pictures of their homes, their work, their pleasures, their worship, customs, dress, their narrow life, yet full of dignity and peace, are capitally done. The chapter devoted to the Great Moral Exhibition, otherwise a country circus, is worth a book in itself. When the coloured posters of the show arrived at the farmhouse announcing the coming of the show to the county seat, ten miles away, there was nothing else discussed for days. The great question, aside from that of spending a quarter apiece for worldly amusement, was whether or not there might not be something sinful in the Exhibition. The head of the family looked through the whole Bible, but could find nothing about shows of animals. Animals were often

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mentioned, even elephants and especially camels, both of which were to figure prominently in the Moral Show. But nothing as to shows. Next the old man went through George Fox's *Journal* and Penn's *No Cross, No Crown.* In all these he found many testimonies against vain amusements but not a word upon moral exhibitions. So little Robert was taken to the show, remaining in ecstasy until a lady in short spangled skirts appeared upon a horse, when his family retreated in horror. If that, argued the father, was a moral show, what could be the others? The chapters devoted to chapel service, weddings and other ceremonies among the Friends are graphic and full of curious detail. Robert Dudley approved of much in the Quaker observances, but was shrewd enough in detecting weak points. He had small mercy for the bits of hypocrisy or senseless bigotry that cropped up in the community. There is a thread of romance running through the book, but its real value is in these pictures of a life that has now completely disappeared. Even the Friends do not now contend that there may be sin in the squeaking of a chapel melodeon. In Robert Dudley's youth any music was considered wicked frivolity; in a chapel it might endanger one's soul.

Big Tremaine, by Marie Van Vorst, is the story of a man who, after a fifteen years' exile, comes home to Virginia to redeem his reputation and save his ancestral acres from ruin. The masterly John Tremaine had gone away under suspicion of having robbed the local bank. As a matter of fact, the thief was his brother. But sooner than break his mother's heart, he took the burden upon himself, for she loved his erring brother best. After this brother dies, John comes home to right himself and save his mother from ruin. He is branded and so has no easy task, for he will not allow his brother's name to be smirched. How he regains his good name, restores the family fortunes and wins the girl of his heart will be found set forth in this Virginia tale.

Ingeborg Bullavant was the daughter of an English bishop, but her grandmother was a Swede. This may not have been enough to account for the queer behaviour of this heroine of *The Pastor's Wife,* but it may excuse a few things. Not, however, such eccentricities as getting engaged after two days' acquaintance to a stray German pastor whom she picks up on a tour of Switzerland; nor does it explain why, after living in marriage with her pastor for ten years, she can run away to Venice with a friendly and fascinating artist and never dream that he wants her in Venice for anything but to paint her portrait—as a madonna. And she the mother of six children! Ingeborg is in truth a fascinating idiot all through the book. Finding herself in London one day with some money in pocket she joins a personally conducted party to Switzerland. In the party of a dozen tourists is a fat German pastor from the wilds of East Prussia. Ingeborg tries him upon various topics, somewhat scandalising the ladies by her boldness. The pastor is not responsive to art, religion or travel.

"Then what," she asked, "*do* you fill your life up with?"

"Manure," said the German gentleman. The ladies leaped in their places.

"But——" began Ingeborg; then stopped.

"I am engaged in endeavouring to teach the peasants of my parish how best to farm their poor pieces of land."

"Oh, really," said Ingeborg, politely.

"I do it by example. They do not attend to words. I have bought a few acres and experiment before their eyes. Our soil is the worst in Germany. It is inconceivably thankless. And the peasants resemble it."

"Oh, really," said Ingeborg.

"The result of the combination is poverty."

"So then, I suppose," said Ingeborg, with memories of the Bishop's methods, "you preach patience."

"Patience! I preach manure."

Again at the dreadful word the ladies leaped.

"It is," he said solemnly, his eyes glistening with enthusiasm, "the foundation of a nation's greatness."

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"I hadn't thought of it like that," said Ingeborg, seeing that he waited.

"But on what, then, does a state depend in the last resort?"

She was afraid to say, for there seemed to be so many possible answers.

"Naturally, on its agriculture," said the pastor, with the slight irritation of one obliged to linger over the obvious.

"Of course," said the pliable Ingeborg, trained in acquiescence.

"And on what does agriculture depend in the last resort?"

Brilliantly, she hazarded, "Manure."

For the third time the ladies leaped, and the one next to her drew away her dress.

The pastor's talk was racy, so much so that when the next day he asked her to become his "Little Sugar Lamb" she could not say no. So he followed her back to England and married her in spite of all that the Bishop could do. Then he takes her to his home in East Prussia, a desolate place.

"When the Devil," said Herr Dremmel, "took our Saviour up on a high place to tempt Him with the offer of the kingdoms of the earth, he was careful to hide Kökensee by keeping his tail spread out over it, it was so ugly and so undesirable."

Here Ingeborg lived for ten years, bearing her husband six children. He paid small attention to her, being absorbed in his manures. Then appeared the fascinating painter who invited Ingeborg to go to Venice with him. So she wrote a little note to her husband, saying that she was off to Venice and left it on his table. When she found out that the artist, like most artists, was a villain, she returned to Kökensee to beg forgiveness. Herr Dremmel could not understand her remorse. He had never opened her note, which still lay among his samples of manure.

Ingeborg, as we have said, is an impossible idiot, but delightful for all that. The talk all through the book is full of wit and the pictures of life in East Prussia are fascinating, and the relations between Herr Dremmel's old peasant mother and Ingeborg are sketched with exquisite humour. *The Pastor's Wife* is a book among many.

AMONG THE ESSAYISTS*

BY CALVIN WINTER

It is a curious fact that this season, when publishers have confessedly been curtailing their lists, postponing until spring such volumes as they could, and showing scant interest for new manuscripts of the non-fiction order, that the autumn output is nevertheless unusually rich in essays and critical studies. There is, for instance, a new volume, *Essays on Books*, by William Lyon Phelps, covering a miscellaneous range of topics, from Richardson and Jane Austen to notes on Mark Twain and a comparison between Schopenhauer and Omar Khayyam. Professor Phelps is always stimulating, even when we least agree with him, for he always has so refreshingly the courage of his convictions. Richardson he boldly re-

*Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Impressions and Comments. By Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Coasting Bohemia. By J. Comyns Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Major Prophets of To-day. By Edwin E. Slosson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Man of Genius. By Hermann Törck. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Shakspere and Sir Walter Ralegh. By Henry Pemberton, Jr. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

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stores to that exalted pinnacle from which posterity has tended to drag him down, and maintains that *"Clarissa* is like *Anna Karénina,* in accurately following the windings of the human heart." And similarly Jane Austen is "one of the supreme artists of the world, like the Russian Turgenev," and "greater than the author of *Madame Bovary."* Undoubtedly it is not easy to overpraise the author of *Pride and Prejudice,* but Professor Phelps has certainly made a brave attempt to do so.

Impressions and Comments, by Havelock Ellis, is another enjoyable volume, though stamped with a strong conservatism that always harks back to the early masters of style and finds scant interest in the productions of to-day. "Addison and Steele represent the high-water mark of English speech," while Landor, "the last great writer of English, never quite scoured off the lingering dross of Johnsonese." Stevenson he dismisses briefly as a negligible quantity, "the hollow image of a great writer, a man who, having laboriously taught himself to write after the best copy-book models, found that he had nothing to say, and duly said it at length." But we could easily forgive this critic for his occasional mental astygmatism, in return for his admirable definition of The Best Writing:

> The best writing must always possess both Dignity and Familiarity, otherwise it can never touch at once the high things and the low things of life, or appeal simply to the complete human person.

It would be difficult to imagine a sharper contrast to the foregoing than that offered by the varied and desultory papers which make up the contents of J. Comyn Carr's *Coasting Bohemia.* Most of these papers deal with artists, as is at once revealed by such captions as "Some Memories of Millais," "At Home with Alma-Tadema," and "With Rossetti at Cheyne Walk." But there is one essay of considerable suggestiveness, "Sex in Tragedy," in which the writer, taking issue with the traditional Lady Macbeth, due to Mrs. Siddons, makes a plea for the essential femininity, the eternal womanly of Shakespeare's heroine. But, taken as a whole, these papers make no claim to profundity; they are simple, inti-

Gustave Flaubert. By Emile Faguet. Translated by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Balzac. By Emile Faguet. Translated by Wilfred Thorley. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne. By Frank Preston Stearns. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Browning's Heroines. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: James Pott and Company.

Dickens Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Waverley Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Shakespeare Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Joseph Conrad. By Richard Curle. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Belshazzar Court. By Simeon Strunsky. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Footnotes to Life. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: The John Lane Company.

The Joyful Heart. By Robert Haven Schauffler. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Book Fancier. By Percy Fitzgerald. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Byways in Bookland. By Walter A. Munsell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Biblical Libraries. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. Princeton: The Princeton University Press.

The Reading Public. By MacGreggor Jenkins. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Author's Craft. By Arnold Bennett. New York: The Doran Company.

The Short Story. By E. A. Cross. Chicago: McClurg and Company.

Hints to Young Writers. By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

How to See a Play. By Richard Burton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Changing Drama. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Theatre of To-day. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. New York: The John Lane Company.

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mate reminiscences of happy days spent with people one and all of whom were eminently worth while.

Major Prophets of To-day is the somewhat venturesome title given by Edwin E. Slosson to his six brief studies devoted respectively to Maeterlinck, Bergson, Henri Poincairé, Metchnikoff, Ostwald and Haeckel. Most of us would probably concede Maeterlinck's title to be enrolled among the major prophets; Bergson's claim would perhaps not be violently disputed; but as to the remaining four, it would be interesting to take a popular canvass and discover which would be rejected and how many new candidates would be put forth. Aside from this question of the wisdom of Mr. Slosson's choice, the book deserves hearty commendation. It is no light task to expound, in simple, concise terms such widely different creeds and philosophies as those of the six "prophets" here studied, or to leave us, as the author certainly does, with a keen desire to form a closer personal acquaintance with the writings of all six of them.

It would be an impertinence to attempt within the limits of space here available to discuss seriously a volume of such earnest purpose and profound thought as *The Man of Genius,* by Hermann Törck. We perceive, we think, we act; if we perceive greatly we recognise beauty; if we think greatly we achieve the truth; if we act greatly, we produce those works which are for the best good of the world at large. Objectivity, disinterestedness, is the keynote to genius. Such, in briefest terms, is Professor Törck's philosophy; and on this basis he proceeds to study the kinship of Christ and Buddha, of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, of Hamlet and Faust, and to take issue with Lombroso's theory that genius is a disease. The book as a whole is a powerful mental stimulant and the new interpretation of Hamlet's character has an unexpected fascination.

The mention of Shakespeare draws our attention to another current volume, *Shakspere and Sir Walter Ralegh,* by Henry Pemberton, Jr. It is a good example of misdirected zeal, destined to accomplish nothing more than perhaps to add slightly to the tribulations of the Baconian school; for it undertakes to prove with wearisome minuteness that the true author of *Hamlet, Macbeth* and all the other immortal plays included in the quartos was not Bacon but Ralegh. It is based on the same old fallacious argument: Shakespeare's plays were written by a gentleman and a scholar, Shakespeare was not a gentleman nor a scholar, therefore they must have been written by some one else. Who was the foremost gentleman and scholar of the time? And Mr. Pemberton marvels that so self-evident an answer as his had not been accepted years ago. There is something saddening in this sort of futility.

Two companion volumes of sound literary criticism, done with that clarity, that lightness, that charm of style that is the hall-mark of the French, are *Balzac* and *Gustave Flaubert,* by Emile Faguet, translated respectively by Wilfred Thorley and Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Of the two novelists, Faguet places Balzac vastly lower in the scale: "Balzac was an energetic and robust man; he described well those human beings whose passions resemble spring-tides or volcanoes, and whose actions are like earthquakes. Some people are like that . . . but we must not forget that there are others." And again, "The direct influence of Balzac is at an end. He is neither copied any longer, nor is his general turn of mind to be seen in the works produced since 1900." And then this final touch of irony: "Young men are requested not to get it into their heads that it is enough to write badly in order to be a second Balzac."

The only fault to be found with the *Flaubert* is that it is too superlative; Faguet for once has lost his self-restraint. *Madame Bovary* is "a marvel of truth," the characters are "prodigiously real," Bovary, more than Emma, "marks the triumph of the author's talent," yet he concedes that the heroine is "a wonderful female figure," while even the descrip-

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tions in the book are all "wonderful," poor, exhausted, over-worked word! But Faguet has recognised more clearly than any previous commentator, the close blending in Flaubert of the realist and the romanticist, and with rare insight defines *Madame Bovary* as "a book written by a romanticist gloating over *bourgeois* types, and by a realist analysing the brain of one of George Sand's heroines, in order to show how nonsensical are her spiritual ambitions."

The Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Frank Preston Stearns, is the sort of book that one would like to browse over in the quiet of a winter evening, for it is full of intimate side-lights, and never ruffles with irritating dogmatism. In short, the whole tone is personal rather than critical. Yet there is one luminous bit of summing up that seems worth quoting. All tragedy, says the writer, is an investigation of that form of human error that we call sin:

> In *The Scarlet Letter,* it is the sin of concealment and its consequences; in *The House of the Seven Gables,* it is the sin of hypocrisy; . . . In the *Blythedale Romance* it is the sin of moral affectation; in *The Marble Faun* the kernel of the story is *original sin;* it is the story of the fall of man told again in the light of modern science.

Why is it that Browning attracts so many women who feel the necessity to express themselves in print? The latest addition to the lengthy list is *Browning's Heroines,* by Ethel Colburn Mayne. It is an innocuous volume, tastefully printed and attractively bound, and the author has laboured with the zeal of a votary to retell, with generous quotations, the stories of the poet's many heroines. But, after all, one asks, what does it profit us, and what has the well-intentioned commentator given us that we could not have gotten more directly from the poet himself? Yet so long as that numerous class of readers exist who love to read books about books, and so save time and get their knowledge at second hand, there will probably be a place for such volumes as *Browning's Heroines.*

Much the same comment may be made on the various volumes of synopses, diligently compiled by J. Walker McSpadden. *Shakespeare Synopses* was first issued twelve years ago, and *Dickens Synopses* somewhat more recently, while now we have not only new editions of these two volumes, but a new addition to the series, *Waverley Synopses.* Undoubtedly there is a public demand for such helps to mental laziness; and if we must have them, then by all means let us have them done with the patience and accuracy that characterise Mr. McSpadden's work. But *Ivanhoe* in four pages, *The Pickwick Papers* in three and a half not only are not literature, but not even an enticement to a closer acquaintance with literature; it is like trying to form a conception of a bygone beauty from her skeleton.

Joseph Conrad, by Richard Curle, is a well-deserved tribute to a great novelist who has had to wait altogether too long for a proper recognition. If the author errs, it is slightly on the side of too lavish and indiscriminate praise, although this is the last thing for which a Conrad enthusiast should blame him. And he might be forgiven for much more partiality in return for one bit of fine discernment, his recognition that Conrad's greatest book is his least known one, *Nostromo.* That is a book which, in the opinion of the present writer, will easily outlive his much over-estimated *Lord Jim* and run a close competitor with those marvellous stories included in *Heart of Darkness.* Mr. Curle has done a real service to the history of contemporary letters.

Among the essayists who have chosen to concern themselves primarily with matters other than books, Robert Haven Schauffler demands a word of cordial gratitude for *The Joyful Heart.* It is a blithe little book, brimming over with spontaneous optimism. Take, for instance, some of the foundation stones of his creed, such as the following: "Exuberance is the income yielded by a wise investment of one's vitality;" "Enthusiasm is exuberance-with-a-motive;" "If any one hates to be alone with himself,

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the chances are that he has not much of any self to be alone with." And in elucidation of this idea he evolves a term "Auto-Comrade," to define that other self with whom it is worth while to live; "To the artist in life—to the wise keeper of the joyful heart—solitude is solitariness plus the Auto-Comrade." Isn't this a wholesome, cheery, practical philosophy of life?

It is always rash to make grandiose comparisons; yet there can scarcely be danger of being misunderstood if one says of a hill, it is in shape like the Matterhorn, if not in size; and similarly of Simeon Strunsky's *Belshazzar Court,* that in kind, if not in quality, it calls to mind the genial *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* With shrewd discernment it takes up the trivialities of life, the life of the apartment house, of the city streets, of the toiling factories, of the city's play time, at the ball game, the theatre, the opera; and as one reads one realises that it is the trivialities which really make up the big moments of life. Mr. Strunsky touches upon human foibles with an indulgent irony that is disarming. His book has that quality which is becoming rare: it is companionable.

Footnotes to Life, by Dr. Frank Crane, is a curious medley of most diverse comments, parables, sermons, bits of philosophy, tinged with a pervading cheerfulness. Everything, Dr. Crane tells us, is for the best, "if there were no bad weather there would be no home," and again, "pain is the cutting-edge of pleasure." It is impossible to give briefly anything of the flavour of this volume except by quoting, and quotations both brief and characteristic are hard to find. But here is an apt one on the subject of Basking as a Fine Art: "Basking may be defined as just plain, unadorned, unmixed living. . . . All philosophers are good baskers."

The Book Fancier, by Percy Fitzgerald, is precisely what its title implies; it is preëminently for the bibliophile, for the born lover of books, whatever his purse, his hobby, his station in life. Your ambition may be to own a complete set of Shakespeare quartos,—well, Mr. Fitzgerald tells you not necessarily how it can be done again, but at least how it was done once, and at no excessive outlay. Or you may love to haunt the penny stands, always hoping against hope that luck will throw in your path some priceless first edition. Here again, Mr. Fitzgerald has much enlightenment for you. And added to the charm of his subject is the charm of style, that easy, conversational, unhurried style, that suggests a long gossip before a cheerful fire and over a friendly glass.

The foregoing volume is of precisely the sort that Walter A. Munsell had in mind when he wrote, in his *Byways in Bookland,* "There are books that simply set the mind roving; they make the world such a large place and life such a kaleidoscopic thing." *Talking books,* is the name he coins for them, adding that Charles Lamb is a case in point, "essentially a fireside companion." *Byways in Bookland* itself possesses something of the qualities it commends, and one would fain linger; but one more quotation must suffice: "Lent books, like umbrellas, have an extraordinary affinity to the Prodigal Son, save that they seldom if ever return from the far country."

Biblical Libraries, by Ernest Cushing Richardson, has all the thoroughness and all the dryness of finished scholarship. With praiseworthy care it defines its terms beyond all possibility of a doubt, until just what the author means by library and what he means by archives could not be confused even if we perversely undertook to confuse them. But that is beside the point; the material is abundantly presented regarding what is known of book collections during Bible times, in Babylon, Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Rome. And aside from slight irritation due to its heavy style, it has its interest even for the layman.

The Reading Public, by MacGreggor Jenkins, is a volume of genial, witty, often incisive comments on the habits of the reading public, as seen from the standpoint of the magazine editor. "Writing," he declares, "is a serious

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business; would that the budding writer realised it. It is, after all, self-revelation." And, incidentally, he throws out numerous comments and bits of advice which the budding author might well take to heart.

On the contrary, *The Author's Craft,* by Arnold Bennett, is interesting not for any help that it would give the young aspirant, but for the sidelights that it throws upon Bennett himself. He has a curiously myopic outlook upon English fiction; he tells us at considerable length that "what undermines the renown of Dickens is the growing conviction that his mind was common"; that Thackeray's mind was "somewhat incomplete for so grandiose a figure," that no one would now "dream of putting Maupassant with the first magnitudes," and that "the declension of Flaubert is one of the outstanding phenomena of modern French criticism." And these opinions he flings out with an exasperating nonchalance, as though they were the dicta of a court of last resort. But one admission may fairly be gloated over: "As years pass, I attach less and less importance to good technique." Of course he does, his writings show it.

One more volume on *The Short Story,* this time by E. A. Cross, has come to swell the list. It consists of a brief introductory essay and a collection of more or less classic short stories, gathered for the purpose of study. There is, of course, nothing new in the reprinted stories; and since there is practically nothing new in the introduction, what is the volume's reason for existence?

Hints to Young Writers, by Orison Swett Marden, while not succeeding in saying much that is new, puts certain common-sense principles in a new and convincing way. He dwells strongly on the importance of personality in writing, insists rightly that before one can write one must have lived, and lauds highly the capacity for taking pains. A young writer might go to a far worse guide than Dr. Marden.

No less than three volumes on the drama have been issued almost simultaneously: *How to See a Play,* by Richard Burton, *The Changing Drama,* by Archibald Henderson, and *The Theatre of To-day,* by Hiram Kelly Moderwell. Dr. Burton's volume is confessedly aimed squarely at the theatre-goer, "it hopes to offer a concise general treatment so that the person in the seat may get the most for his money." And the whole style of the volume is so sane, so simple and direct that it largely disarms criticism. Professor Henderson's volume is far more pretentious; it undertakes to survey the ultra-modern drama in its entirety; and the result is that the text bristles with catalogues of names, both of play and of authors, that must be often meaningless save to the inveterate play-goer and play-reader. There is no question of Professor Henderson's erudition, but he writes over the heads of many a reader quite capable of understanding what the author has wished to say, but has unfortunately wrapped up in obscurity. As for Mr. Moderwell's volume, the reviewer has only hearty praise. Quite unassumingly, the author has condensed into one volume not only a detailed account of the newest stage craft, the revolving stage, the tricks of electric lighting, the improvements in scene setting, but also a very fair account of the younger dramatists, English and American, Russian, German, Scandinavian, Italian and Spanish; and all this without dogmatism, but with a sane sense of proportions. It is a pleasant book to read, and equally a pleasure to recommend it to others.

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OUR OWN TROPICS

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

IT IS impossible to avoid an occasional bromidism. This advance apology covers the statement that when the storm is raging outside it is pleasant indeed to discover the manifold enjoyable resources of our own home. The storm of man's destructiveness now raging over Europe will cause many Americans to forego seeking winter sunshine and flowers by the Mediterranean. They will be forced to recognise the fact that we have delightful Tropics at our own shores, within neutral waters, or even under the protection of our own flag. All sorts and kinds of Tropics, too, and it will do many of our roving sun-seekers good to discover them. For in spite of crowded boats and trains, in spite of seasonal throngs at hotels, there are still many Americans, intelligent enough to know better, who ask whether it is "worth while" to go to the West Indies or to South America.

Of course it all depends upon what one goes forth to see. If to roam among the records of a storied past imprinted on land and people be one's sole desire, our own Tropics do not offer that, except here and there where can be read a history, violent and bloody, if short, or memories of forgotten races. But if the longing be for lazy days amid sunshine and blossoms, for tropic nights heavy with fragrance when the moon rides high in the very apex of heaven, and toil and care seem dim and far away—all this we have in abundance at our very doors, within their portals even. And if the mind of the would-be traveller be that of the explorer, if it be one which looks forward rather than backward, which looks to the future rather than to the past, we have within our reach wonderful new nations emerging from obscurity, struggling up out of chaos into an ordered existence, into an outlook of broader hopefulness. There are many who prefer to contemplate the possibility of what man may yet do, rather than to linger amid memories of what man has once done.

The increased interest in our own tropics and their possibilities for business and pleasure, caused by conditions in Europe, is making itself felt in the world of books. The fireside traveller who would escape, in spirit at least, from the snows and gales of winter finds this season a rich choice of volumes dealing with sunny shores close at hand, so close, and so attractively described that the longing grows to take up staff and begging-bowl and go forth in the flesh—for most of us it had better be "begging-bowl and staff"—the former being the most important! And those fortunate enough to go forth in the flesh will find in the group of books, selected here from many because of a certain actuality of

WEST INDIES, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA

Cuba, Past and Present. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Porto Rico, Past and Present, and San Domingo of To-day. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

South and Central American Trade Conditions of To-day. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Lower Amazon. By Algot Lange. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Brazil and the Brazilians. By G. J. Bruce. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

CALIFORNIA

California, Romantic and Beautiful. By George Wharton James. Boston: The Page Company.

California. An Intimate History. By Gertrude Atherton. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

The Tourist's California. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

California and the Far West. By K. E. M. Dumbell. New York: James Pott and Company.

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thought and theme, a certain contiguity of interest, guides reliable and enlightening, and travelling companions offering much entertainment.

One lone author has a record this season of offering at one time three books of prime importance to readers whether on business or pleasure bent. A. Hyatt Verrill, whose roamings throughout the West Indies and South or Central America have been as extensive as his mind is keen to remember and reason on what he sees, offers the result of his travels in two books which might be termed glorified guide books, and in one which appeals directly to the many American business men now asking themselves why we cannot, as a nation, take under our protecting wing that "orphaned trade" of South and Central America. The two books, *Cuba, Past and Present,* and *Porto Rico and San Domingo,* are companion volumes in size and appearance, and in the more important quality of value of contents. The writer's style is delightful in its straightforward earnest simplicity. He manages to convey an astonishing amount of useful and striking information without boring us even when the information takes the form of rows of figures and tables of statistics. And the descriptive writing is free from all hyperbole, although it shows honest enthusiasm.

Cuba and Porto Rico are indeed Our Own Tropics, and as such have for American travellers an added interest even beyond what the beautiful islands of British West India can offer. Mr. Verrill's narrative of what Cuba was, is and hopes to be, has interest for many others than merely the traveller—whose road the author smooths with valuable advice. What Cuba is and hopes to be attracts the writer most. With the enthusiasm that carries conviction he tries to make us see this splendid island at our very doors, the aims and hopes of its people, now at last left to develop themselves and their beautiful country in the light of freedom.

With a soil unequalled in fertility, an ideal climate, health second to but one land in the world, scenery that rivals that of California and the great markets of America at her doors, no country has a more brilliant prospect than the "Pearl of the Antilles." . . . All over the fertile island modern methods are pushing out the old, and best of all, the old-time customs are giving way . . . not to a foreign invasion that will destroy the national character, language and traditions of a people as in Porto Rico, . . . but to a rejuvenation, a transition, a newer, more liberal, brighter life, brought about by the Cubans themselves for their own race and children.

This quotation gives the key-note of Mr. Verrill's book and also of his attitude toward the countries he describes in all three volumes. But while showing the constructive explorer what rich store of interest awaits him in Cuba, Mr. Verrill does not forget the traveller who longs for some little touch of Old World charm even amidst a New World activity. He tells of charming little out-of-the-way nooks all over Cuba, lazy towns half-Spanish, half-Indian, and gives practical directions as to ways and means of journeying thither. No one who purposes making Cuba the goal of a winter or summer trip can afford to miss this book.

Porto Rico, Past and Present, and *San Domingo of To-day,* is written in the same spirit of practical helpfulness to the traveller, and also with the same broad outlook for those to whom new countries mean something more than just another place to spend money. But here the outlook is not so hopeful. Mismanagement, native and foreign, misunderstanding, greed and graft have blackened the history of these fair fertile islands and arrested their natural development. We ourselves, as a nation, have not been without blame, and we are still to-day, as Mr. Verrill clearly points out, keeping Porto Rico, with its immense possibilities, in a position where it is neither "fish flesh nor good red herring." Also we have not yet grasped the needs of the island in our choice of po-

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litical representatives, although we have a good record to show in the matter of roads, sanitation, and along other lines of helpfulness. Porto Rico is so little known to the American traveller that this book will come as a valuable aid to those who would venture there. And they will find more memories of the past even than in Cuba, with a sufficiently hopeful share of possibilities for the future.

For Domingo, potentially the richest of the West India Islands, the outlook is not so bright. In both its Republics, San Domingo and Haiti, mismanagement has wrought havoc with natural resources of unknown richness. The history of Haiti, short but drenched in blood, its pages reeking with violence of every kind, is sufficiently well known. And even Mr. Verrill, hopeful as he is otherwise, cannot see what the future may hold for this beautiful sunny land. The prevailing sombre hue of the population seems to darken even his mental horizon. In writing of Haiti and San Domingo, Mr. Verrill gives useful warnings as well as useful hints to the traveller. He tells what to expect and what not to expect, the latter being the more important. One fact alone of the many new ones he offers comes as a surprise to some who thought they were acquainted with the West Indies—and this is the bit of information that the population of Porto Rico is 330 to the square mile, a density greater than that of Germany, for instance, which has only 315 to the square mile.

Mr. Verrill's third book, *South and Central American Trade Conditions of To-day,* is not intended for the traveller but for the stay-at-home business man anxious to annex that great trade "orphaned" by the European War. But it is of the greatest possible interest to the *real* traveller, who wants to know all about the countries he visits, and does not confine himself to their scenic beauties or possibilities of entertainment alone. Mr. Verrill is engagingly frank in showing us wherein the American business man, praised by himself and others as a model of smartness and ability, has failed utterly in making himself an influential factor in the commercial development of the great South and Central American countries with their inexhaustible markets. We have failed because there is more of the English in us than just our language—for we have failed as England has failed in spite of her immeasurably longer practice, and we have added a few little mistakes peculiarly our own. To the Anglo-Saxon arrogant indifference toward the customs and opinions of other races we have added the American "hustle" attitude which does not work for the future but wants to "put through a deal and close it up quick." There is so much rich interest for a student of national traits in this little book of Mr. Verrill's that many will read it with delight, even though their paths lie far from the marts of trade.

The two books on Brazil on our list are very different in theme and treatment, as different as any one of the component parts of that great country is from any other. *Brazil and the Brazilians,* by G. J. Bruce, is a clear, concise narrative of Brazil to-day, with sufficient looking-backward into the past to give us a better understanding of the present. He portrays many different phases of Brazil of to-day, and gives a hopeful outlook for the future. Much of what he says will be new to readers here, for there are few among us who realise the immensity of this republic, greater in area than ours and almost as diversified in climate and possibilities. Mr. Bruce is English and does not spare his own countrymen in what he says of their dealings with Brazil. He says some nice things about us, however, but he believes that we do not yet know our sister republic and what she stands for, what she is trying to achieve. His book is a gold mine of useful information, its style agreeable, calm, dispassionate and yet sympathetic to his theme.

Mr. Algot Lange, whose sensational exploring trips to the unknown Amazon regions of Brazil made his name widely known comes now with a second book on the subject. This one is entitled *The*

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Lower Amazon, and describes several expeditions, of which the most interesting, although perhaps not the most important, was the week he spent with a group of savages whose first white acquaintance he was.

Mr. Lange writes most entertainingly of that week and his Indian friends. He tells us, furthermore, much about the rubber plantations of the Amazon region which will be of interest to American readers who have invested largely in that industry. And the pottery finds on the Island of Marajo in the Amazon Delta are of great importance from the rich artistry of their decorations. There is an amiably intimate touch about Mr. Lange's book, and even his frequent complaining about unpleasant conditions, hardships and so on, is not as deterrent as it might be because it all adds to the intimacy. We feel as if we were hearing him talk, he says so much that most narrators talk about, but do not think it worth while to put down in print. The Tupi vocabulary at the end of the book is of value and absorbing interest to the student of languages.

Then there is California,—California which needs no discovering, but which no man ever can hope really to know as she is! George Wharton James brings as a Christmas gift an exquisitely artistic volume whose text lingers lovingly on the many beauties of that incomparable State. The illustrations and dainty outer garb of the book are worthy of the charm of that land of flowers and snows, beauty and turbulence, which is its theme. Ruth Kedzie Wood, who has made guide-book writing an art as well as a science, has taken California for the subject of her latest explorations. She writes of it with the same mingling of practical advice and comprehension of beauty that have made her former books so popular.

A much simpler but equally useful guide is the unpretentious little volume, *California and the Far West,* compiled by K. E. M. Dumbell. Its convenient size and arrangement of contents make it a handy companion for the trip.

California. An Intimate History, by Gertrude Atherton, is a book of importance beyond its possible momentary use by those who would know something of the land toward which their feet are set. It is some part of the story of California, a story unequalled in the history of civilisation, written by our foremost woman novelist, who is furthermore a Californian born, loving her home with an affection rendered deeper by knowledge of many other corners of the earth. The book is unique in the alive-ness with which it is written. This is a quality we are accustomed to find in Mrs. Atherton's work, but it is not usually a quality we are accustomed to find in the writing of histories. The glow and warmth of intimate humanity it imparts to the chronicling of past and present days in California fully compensates by its charm for an occasional aggressiveness of the author's own personal and private opinion on conditions and events. If it lacks the impartiality supposed to be necessary to the historian, it gains immeasurably in this human quality. And possibly the facts narrated stay longer in our memory when we ourselves agree or disagree violently with the writer! Among the many delightful quotable things in the book we count the closing words of the preface, where Mrs. Atherton tells us that she "suddenly remembered how many good men we have produced in California and what bad history they have succeeded in making." While this aphorism is in direct contradiction to her own belief, often asserted in the book, in the power of some "good man," there is something so fundamentally true about it that it may stand as a partial explanation of the enigma that is California.

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THE COMING OF THE WORDS

BY RICHARD BURTON

WISTFUL words, singing words, come to me at times,
And I seize them lovingly, weave them into rhymes;
The brave things, the fair things, that in the world I see
I marry to these winsome words in song and balladry.

Some words they stand for sorrow, and some for tenderness;
They touch the fount of tears, they fall as soft as a caress;
They ring out like a trumpet, or flute-like 'plain and plead,
They tell of noble happenings and glorify the deed.

Sweet words, they are the saviours of my dumb-stricken soul,
That give me moving power, and vision of the goal;
They heal a helpless cripple and make the feeble strong,
And break away the prison bars for one behind them long.

I cannot know the moment when their coming may be set,
And so I only watch and wait, lest haply I forget
The bliss that means their breathing, the cadence of the air
They play upon the pipes of life to make it smooth and fair.

But O the joy of weaving, and O the beating heart
When come these high-born visitors from some dim place apart
To bide with me a little, and lift me on a flame
Of love, and give my longing a presence and a name!

THE HISTORY OF THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

Most people probably might say off-hand that "Salmagundi, in 1807, was our first American magazine. But it came too late for that title by fifty years, and by almost fifty magazines. No wonder then that in later history the magazine had a more important place in America than anywhere else in the world; and has still. When one recollects how small was the reading public in our early days and how preternaturally given was most of it to the exclusive reading of devotional literature, the rapid emergence of the magazine is remarkable. Nor were Irving and Paulding by any means the first to touch off in lighter vein the amusements and follies of the day. By their time, indeed, the satirical and humourous observer of society had become a stock figure of the magazine staff. High ideals had all these magazines, however. Not in their prospectus alone, did they seek "to promote American literature, morality, and patriotism." America probably owes to her magazines the wider dissemination of knowledge and opinion than obtains in any other country; and her debt at the beginning of the nineteenth century was even greater than at the end of it. The first paper in Mr. Algernon Tassin's series, to appear in the February issue, will naturally deal with these early and for the most part short-lived attempts to popularise reading.

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York City	Blind Spot	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"
Albany, N. Y.	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"
Atlanta, Ga.	The Clarion	One Clear Call
Baltimore, Md.	The Eyes of the World	Penrod
Birmingham, Ala.	The Eyes of the World	One Clear Call
Boston, Mass.	Big Tremaine	Looking After Sandy
Boston, Mass.	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Prince of Graustark
Buffalo, N. Y.	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Honorable Percival
Chicago, Ill.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Rise of Jennie Cushing	Bambi
Cleveland, Ohio	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Dallas, Tex.	The Wall of Partition	The Witch
Denver, Colo.	The Eyes of the World	The Way of the Strong
Detroit, Mich.	Delia Blancheflower	Big Tremaine
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Poet	The Clean Heart
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Auction Block	The Clarion
Kansas City, Mo.	Winning the Wilderness	The Poet
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Clarion	The Wonderful Romance
Louisville, Ky.	The Wall of Partition	The Prince of Graustark
Memphis, Tenn.	The Last Shot	Love Insurance
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark
New Orleans, La.	The Eyes of the World	The Honorable Percival
Norfolk, Va.	How it Happened	The Clean Heart
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	Delia Blancheflower
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
Portland, Me.	The Eyes of the World	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"
Portland, Ore.	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Providence, R. I.	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Eyes of the World
Rochester, N. Y.	The Clarion	The Eyes of the World
San Antonio, Tex.	The Honorable Percival	Little Eve Edgarton
St. Louis, Mo.	The Eyes of the World	The Auction Block
St. Louis, Mo.	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
Seattle, Wash.	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Toledo, Ohio.	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Toronto, Can.	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Innocent
Waco, Tex.	The Prince of Graustark	The Eyes of the World
Worcester, Mass.	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Big Tremaine

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(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Martha and Cupid	You Never Know Your Luck	Looking After Sandy	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
The Eyes of the World	The Way of the Strong	Street of the Seven Stars	Innocent
The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark	Bambi	Perch of the Devil
Twenty-fourth of June	Bambi	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Wall of Partition
The Honorable Percival	Little Eve Edgarton	The Witch	Perch of the Devil
Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Night Watches	The Clarion	The Pastor's Wife
Rise of Jennie Cushing	Big Tremaine	The Pastor's Wife	You Never Know Your Luck
The Wonderful Romance	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Rise of Jennie Cushing	Night Watches
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Wall of Partition	The Auction Block	Pollyanna
The Way of the Strong	Love Insurance	Saturday's Child	On the Seaboard
Innocent	Bambi	The Way of the Strong	Saturday's Child
Pollyanna	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Little Eve Edgarton	The Eyes of the World
Pollyanna	The Raft	The Right Track	A Soldier of the Legion
Saturday's Child	The Encounter	The Duchess of Wrexe	Betty's Virginia Christmas
Saturday's Child	Bambi	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Eyes of the World
The Eyes of the World	Bambi	Twenty-fourth of June	Hidden Children
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Eyes of the World	The Last Shot	The Wall of Partition
The Raft	The Way of the Strong	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	Love Insurance
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Anne of the Blossom Shop	Selina	The Honorable Percival
The Auction Block	Twenty-fourth of June	Perch of the Devil	Clark's Field
Gideon's Band	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	Little Eve Edgarton	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
The Yellow Ticket	The Things That Count	Perch of the Devil	The Salamander
The Eyes of the World	The Witch	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Gideon's Band
The Pastor's Wife	Hidden Children	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Clean Heart
Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Prince of Graustark	How it Happened	Martha and Cupid
The Auction Block	The Witch	Street of the Seven Stars	Bambi
The Auction Block	The Raft	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Last Christian
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Honorable Percival	The Clarion	Bambi
The Way of the Strong	Martha and Cupid	The Wall of Partition	Perch of the Devil
The Eyes of the World	The Prince of Graustark	Gideon's Band	Personality Plus
Twenty-fourth of June	The Prince of Graustark	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Looking After Sandy
The Pastor's Wife	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Witch	Big Tremaine
The Wall of Partition	Bambi	Once to Every Man	The Auction Block
Bambi	The Auction Block	Hidden Children	Man and the Moment
The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition	The Arcadian Adventures of the Idle Rich	The Prince of Graustark
Bambi	The Salamander	A Soldier of the Legion	The Auction Block
The Wall of Partition	The Last Shot	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Way of the Strong

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending November 4th:

1. War and America. Münsterberg.
2. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
3. Technique of the Photo-play. Sargent.
4. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
5. The Promised Land. Antin.

For the week ending November 11th:

1. How Germany Makes War. Bernhardi.
2. Germany and England. Cramb.
3. War and America. Münsterberg.
4. Plays. Ibsen.
5. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.

For the week ending November 18th:

1. Behind the Veil in the Russian Court. Vassili.
2. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
3. Austria of the Austrians and Hungary of the Hungarians. Kellner.
4. How Germany Makes War. Bernhardi.
5. Germany and England. Cramb.

For the week ending November 25th:

1. How Germany Makes War. Bernhardi.
2. Plays. Shaw.
3. Russia and the Russians. Williams.
4. France from Behind the Veil. Vassili.
5. Collected Essays. Eucken.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Pan-Germanism. Usher.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
Germany and England. Cramb.
Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. Hegermann-Lindencrone.
War and America. Münsterberg.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Half Hours. Barrie.
Through the Brazilian Wilderness.
A Far Journey. Rihbany.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 574 and 575) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	'	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35	216
2. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	109
3. Kent Knowles, "Quahaug." Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	88
4. The Wall of Partition. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	75
5. The Prince of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30	70
6. Bambi. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	65

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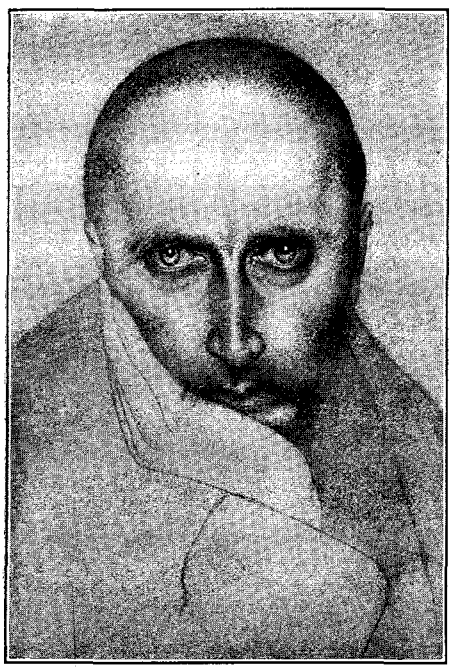

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE CREATOR OF "JEAN CHRISTOPHE," ROMAIN ROLLAND

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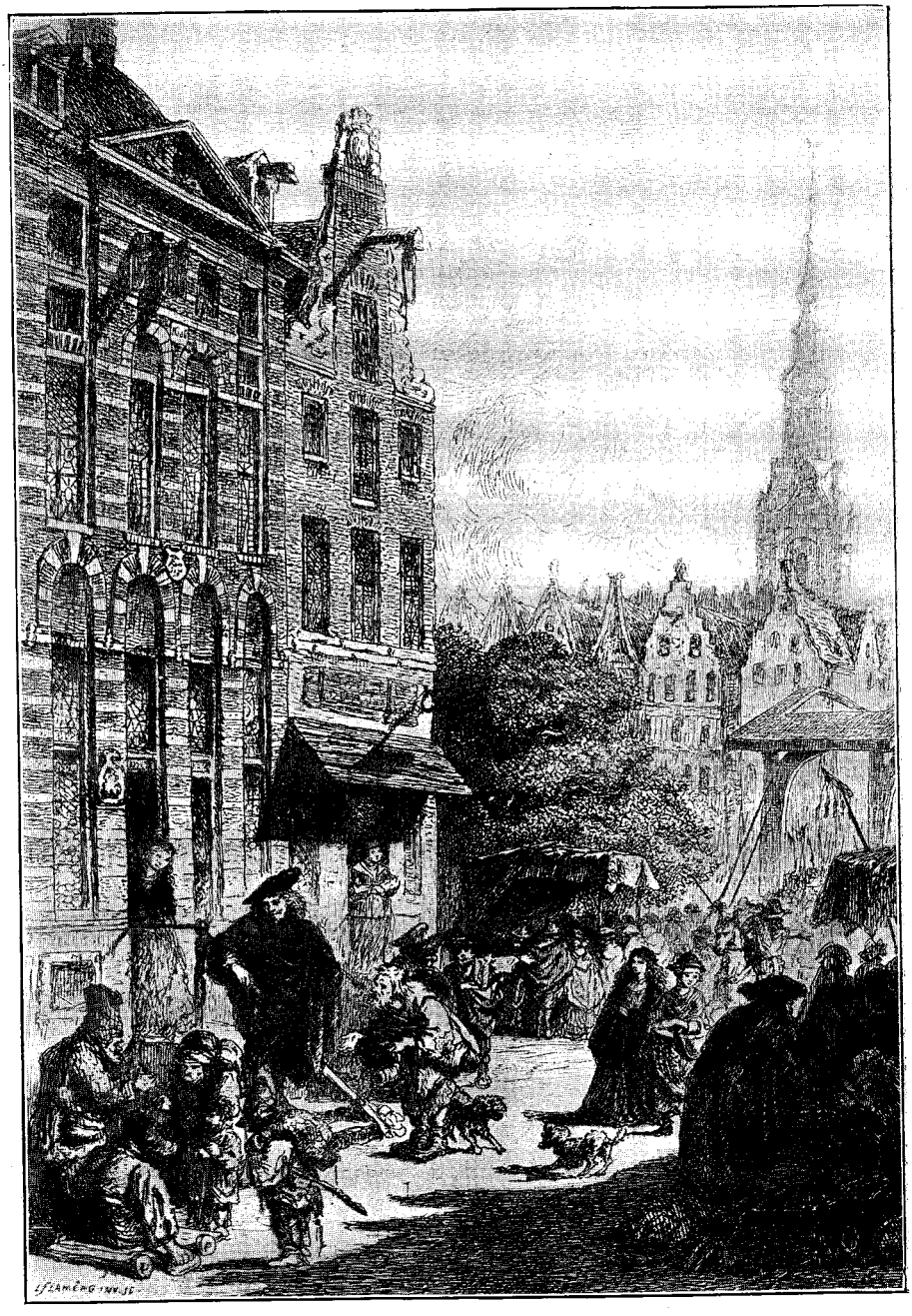

REMBRANDT'S HOUSE AT AMSTERDAM. FROM AN ETCHING BY FLAMENG

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